

THE GREYFRIAR BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE

*SELECTED AND ARRANGED FOR THE USE OF
JUNIOR FORMS*

BY

GUY KENDALL, M.A. OXON.

HEADMASTER OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SCHOOL

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

FRANK FLETCHER, M.A. OXON.

HEADMASTER OF CHARTERHOUSE

NEW IMPRESSION

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C. 4

NEW YORK, TORONTO

BOMBAY, CALCUTTA AND MADRAS

1923

Made in Great Britain

Dedication.


You, whom upon the aimless road
Poesy found, and pitying showed
The path to her divine abode ;

Or you who plod the appointed race
To win her crown, yet find no trace
Of things worth winning in her face ;

All who have heard, or hear her call,
If by your path this seed should fall
And sprout to leaves and shade withal,

Stay not, but having plucked one spray
In memory of your wakening day,
Speed nimbler on your upward way.

G. K.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

INTRODUCTION.

THE masters of the under school forms at Charterhouse have felt the need of a suitable collection of English verse passages for learning by heart; and the accompanying book has been put together with direct reference to their requirements. It will be found to supply a wide choice of passages with which all English boys should become acquainted and as many as possible intimate. Any boy who reaches the Fifth after using this book in the lower forms of his Public School, or in the portion of his Preparatory School which corresponds to them, will at least have been introduced to a number of great poets. It is to be hoped that he will follow up the acquaintance for himself afterwards; but at any rate there will be certain names and passages which will be not altogether unfamiliar to him. It is always worth while to learn a good poem by heart. The original effort of memory required may be painful, and much of what is learnt is soon forgotten; but some echoes of music or rhythm, some ideas suggested by the half-understood words, always remain to be a permanent possession.

FRANK FLETCHER, M.A.,
Headmaster of Charterhouse.

January, 1915.

PREFACE.

THIS collection of English Verse was designed primarily as a repetition-book for the lower part of Charterhouse school. The editor has further made it his aim to put together a number of English poems, sufficiently simple in character, from which anything approaching to rubbish should be rigidly excluded, and in which no poem even of a weak character should appear if it could be avoided. The task has been doubly difficult in so far as the greater number of good English poems are, though not obscure (no really good poems are that), yet of an adult character, and often present complications of rhythm and structure which make them very difficult for the young and inexperienced to learn by heart. In spite of this, it was necessary to maintain a certain standard of quantity, especially in the first section, where the problem was most difficult to solve. If, on the other hand, certain poems, such as the "Lays of Ancient Rome," or some of the rather hackneyed pieces of more famous poets are missed, the reasons of their absence are, first, because they are often learned either before or after the stage for which this collection is designed—an insufficient reason in itself; secondly, because it is not worth while, for the sake of a lively subject and a "swinging" movement, to accustom boys' ears to bad rhythm. For this reason no apology is necessary for omitting Southey, Aytoun, Campbell, and the like, completely.

For the rest, Shakespeare is represented only by lyrics, because it is the usual way for boys to learn dramatic passages from the

plays by heart when they are being read in form as a whole. There are, however, passages from other long works, such as "Paradise Lost," which have been included by way of introduction to those works, even though the boys may, and, it is hoped, will, later on read them entire. This has been done by request.

The editor has been compelled reluctantly to omit certain poems through inability to obtain leave from the holders of the copyright to include them. He has to thank the following for leave to include copyright poems: The Trustees of the late William Morris for the poems and extracts from William Morris, and Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. for the poem out of Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses"; Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. for the poem by the present Poet Laureate; Messrs. Macmillan for Christina Rossetti's "Carol."

The poems are divided into three sections. Part I supplies the needs of the two lowest forms; Part III those which come next below Upper School, and contain the Foundation Scholars in their first year; and Part II the forms between them. There is also a certain amount of gradation within each section. The last half-dozen or so of the third part may possibly be beyond the normal capacity of a junior form, but one or two, such as the "Shepherds' Hymn" of Crashaw (a Carthusian poet), have been introduced for a special purpose. Moreover, a poem often conveys as much through the suggestion of its rhythm, as through its formal meaning. This is notably true of poems of the more fantastic order, such as *Kubla Khan*; and though it would be unwise to present junior schoolboys with many poems whose meaning is wholly conveyed by suggestion, it is perhaps through poems of this kind that they can begin to see the different methods by which poetry and prose express their meaning.

G. K.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PART I.	I
PART II.	60
PART III.	110
ANONYMOUS.—	
+ Sir Patrick Spens—	
1. The Sailing	60
2. The Return	61
ARNOLD, MATTHEW (1822-1888)—	
+ The Forsaken Merman	71
A Tomb in the Church of Brou	123
The Song of Callicles on Etna (from <i>Empedocles on Etna</i>)	129
BAILLIE, JOANNA (1762-1851)—	
The Outlaw's Song	27
BLAKE, WILLIAM (1757-1827)—	
+ The Little Black Boy	21
The Tiger	22
The Echoing Green	32
+ Night	47
Till we have built Jerusalem	108
To the Muses	114
Ah, Sunflower	158
BRIDGES, ROBERT (1844-)—	
+ Morning after Storm	115
BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT (1806-1861).—	
A Musical Instrument	84
BROWNING, ROBERT (1812-1889)—	
Marching Along	15
+ How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix	25
+ Home-Thoughts, from Abroad	70
Home-Thoughts, from the Sea	71
From "Paracelsus"	111

	PAGE
BURNS, ROBERT (1759-1796)—	
Bruce to his Troops, before the Battle of Bannockburn	48
Auld Lang Syne	94
John Anderson	158
Honest Poverty	159
BYRON, GEORGE GORDON, LORD (1788-1824)—	
At Rome (from <i>Childe Harold</i> , Canto 4)	67
A Wreck (from <i>Don Juan</i> , Canto 2)	100
The Isles of Greece	139
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR (1772-1834)—	
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner	33
Kubla Khan	162
COLLINS, WILLIAM (1721-1759)—	
How Sleep the Brave	65
Fidele's Tomb	86
COWPER, WILLIAM (1731-1800)—	
John Gilpin	5
On the Loss of the <i>Royal George</i>	14
Epitaph on a Hare	23
Slaves cannot breathe in England (from <i>The Task</i> , Bk. II.)	147
The Colubriad	156
CRABBE, GEORGE (1754-1832)—	
Calm and Storm (from <i>The Borough</i>)	93
CRASHAW, RICHARD (1613-1649)—	
Verses from the <i>Shepherds' Hymn</i>	166
FITZGERALD, EDWARD (1809-1883)—	
All is Vanity (from <i>The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám</i>)	161
FLETCHER, JOHN (1579-1625)—	
Evening Song of the Priest of Pan	77
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER (1728-1774)—	
Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog	18
The Village Schoolmaster (from <i>The Deserted Village</i>)	65
GRAY, THOMAS (1716-1771)—	
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard	131
On a Favourite Cat, drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes	135
HERRICK, ROBERT (1591-1634)—	
A Thanksgiving	68
To Daffodils	109

CONTENTS

xi

PAGE

HUNT, JAMES HENRY LEIGH (1784-1859)— Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel	16
KEATS, JOHN (1795-1821)— ★ La Belle Dame sans Merci ★ Ode to Autumn	75 124
LOGAN, JOHN (1748-1788)— ★ To the Cuckoo	28
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH (1807-1882)— ★ The Village Blacksmith Other ★ From my Armchair Four by the Clock The Poet and his Songs	3 29 78 109 163
LOVELACE, COLONEL RICHARD (1618-1658)— To Althæa from Prison	63
MARVELL, ANDREW (1621-1678)— Song of the Emigrants in Bermuda A Garden An Horatian Ode	88 107 144
MILTON, JOHN (1608-1674)— From "L'Allegro" The Encounter between Abdiel and Satan (from <i>Paradise Lost</i> , Book VI) ★ Satan Cast out from Heaven (from <i>Paradise Lost</i> , Book I.) To the Lord General Cromwell ★ On the late Massacre in Piedmont Satan takes Command of the Rebel Angels (from <i>Paradise Lost</i> , Book I) Invocation to Light (from <i>Paradise Lost</i> , Book III) ★ On his Blindness From "Il Penseroso" ★ Eden (from <i>Paradise Lost</i> , Book IV) ★ From the Story of Creation (from <i>Paradise Lost</i> , Book VII)	91 103 110 115 122 125 127 129 136 142 155
MORRIS, WILLIAM (1834-1896)— The Road to the Castle of the Rose (from <i>The Earthly Paradise</i>) How Sigmund Won the Sword of Odin (from <i>Sigurd the Volsung</i>) ★ The Last Stand of the Niblungs The Day is Coming (from <i>Poems by the Way</i>) The Death of Sigmund, King of the Volsungs (from <i>Sigurd the Volsung</i>)	49 51 97 101 116
PEACOCK, THOMAS LOVE (1785-1866)— The War Song of Dinas Vawr	57
ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGINA (1830-1894)— A Christmas Carol	46

	PAGE
SCOTT, SIR WALTER (1771-1832)—	
The Last Stand of the Scots at Flodden (from <i>Marmion</i>)	5
† The Trossachs (from <i>The Lady of the Lake</i>)	8
Coronach (from <i>The Lady of the Lake</i>)	8
† On the Death of William Pitt the Younger (from <i>Marmion</i>)	15
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM (1564-1616)—	
The Fairies' Blessing (from <i>A Midsummer Night's Dream</i>)	
Song (from <i>Henry VIII.</i> Act III. Sc. 1.)	4
Fear No More (from <i>Cymbeline</i>)	6
Song (from <i>As You Like It</i>)	6
SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE (1792-1822)—	
† The Cloud	10
Hellas	12
† To a Skylark	15
Invocation	16
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS (1850-1894)—	
† Nest Eggs	1
TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD (1809-1892)—	
† Song (from <i>The Princess</i>)	5
The Poet's Song	5
Ulysses	8
† The Shepherd's Song (from <i>The Princess</i>)	9
The Golden Year	11
WHITMAN, WALT (1819-1892)—	
† O Captain! My Captain	5
Ethiopia Saluting the Colours	7
† Dirge for Two Veterans	16
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM (1770-1850)—	
† To the Cuckoo	1
† The Reaper	2
† The Daffodils	5
Stepping Westward	9
Written in Early Spring	9
† My Heart Leaps Up	10
† Upon Westminster Bridge	14
† Lucy	14
INDEX TO FIRST LINES	16

PART I.

PART I.

THE FAIRIES' BLESSING.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon ;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide :
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic ; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house :
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Oberon. Through the house give glimmering light
By the dead and drowsy fire ;
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier ;

And this ditty after me
Sing and dance it trippingly.

Pitania. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note :
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

Oberon. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait,
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace ;
And the owner of it blest
Ever shall in safety rest.

Trip away ;
Make no stay ;
Meet me all by break of day.

—W. SHAKESPEARE.

(From *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.)

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long ;
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And he looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

GREYFRIAR BOOK OF VERSE

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise.
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

JOHN GILPIN.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band Captain eke ¹ was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied,—“ I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear ;
Therefore it shall be done.

¹ Also.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the Calender ¹
Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin,—“ That’s well said,
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish’d with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.”

John Gilpin kiss’d his loving wife ;
O’erjoyed was he to find
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow’d
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay’d,
Where they did all get in ;
Six precious souls, and all agog ²
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels ;
Were never folk so glad ;
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse’s side,
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again ;

¹ Cloth-presser.

² Eager.

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

"Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs,
"The wine is left behind !"

"Good lack !" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin, careful soul !
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,

Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But, finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain ;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig !
He little dreamt when he set out
Of running such a rig !¹

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung ;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

¹ Trick, i.e. "being in for such a game".

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all,
And ev'ry soul cried out, Well done !
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?
His fame soon spread around—
“ He carries weight ! ” “ He rides a race ! ”
“ 'Tis for a thousand pound ! ”

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking¹ head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced,
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,

¹ Steaming.

Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild-goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
The dinner waits and we are tired;"
Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the Calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The Calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:—

"What news? what news? Your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all."

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke,
And thus unto the Calender
In merry guise he spoke :—

“I came because your horse would come ;
And if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here ;
They are upon the road.”

The Calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,¹
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig :
—A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,—
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus show'd his ready wit :—
“My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face ;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.”

Said John—“It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.”

So, turning to his horse, he said—
“I am in haste to dine ;

¹ Mood.

'Twas for your pleasure you came here ;
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !
For which he paid full dear ;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And gallop'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig !
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why?—they were too big !

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell—
"This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain ;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels!—
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:—

“Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!”
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

—WILLIAM COWPER.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

(To Handel's "March in Scipio").

(Richard Kempenfelt, a British Admiral of Swedish origin, won a brilliant victory over the French off Cape Ushant in 1781. Next year he hoisted his flag on the "Royal George," an old ship belonging to Lord Howe's fleet. In order to repair a leak below the water-line, orders were given to "careen" her, whereupon she capsized. The prevailing opinion was that her old timbers were unequal to the strain.)

Toll for the brave !
 The brave that are no more !
 All sunk beneath the wave,
 Fast by their native shore !
 Eight hundred of the brave,
 Whose courage well was tried,
 Had made the vessel heel,
 And laid her on her side.
 A land breeze shook the shrouds,
 And she was overset ;
 Down went the "Royal George,"
 With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
 His last sea-fight is fought ;
 His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
 No tempest gave the shock ;
 She sprang no fatal leak ;
 She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath ;
 His fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down,
 With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full-charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone ;
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

—WILLIAM COWPER.

MARCHING ALONG.

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing :
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen singing this song.

God for King Charles ! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles !
Cavaliers, up ! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
Till you're—

Chorus.—Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen singing this song.

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell
 Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well !
 England, good cheer ! Rupert is near !
 Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here

Chorus.—Marching along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Then, God for King Charles ! Pym and his snarls
 To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles !
 Hold by the right, you double your might ;
 So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,

Chorus.—March we along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.
 —R. BROWNING.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold :—
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the Presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou ?"—The vision raised its head,
 And with a look made of all sweet accord
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
 "And is mine one ?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still ; and said, "I pray thee then
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blest ;
 And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

—LEIGH HUNT.

NEST EGGS.

Birds all the sunny day
Flutter and quarrel
Here in the arbour-like
Tent of the laurel.

Here in the fork
The brown nest is seated ;
Four little blue eggs
The mother keeps heated.

While we stand watching her,
Staring like gabies,
Safe in each egg are the
Bird's little babies.

Soon the frail eggs they shall
Chip, and upspringing
Make all the April woods
Merry with singing.

Younger than we are,
O children, and frailer,
Soon in blue air they'll be,
Singer and sailor.

We, so much older,
Taller and stronger,
We shall look down on the
Birdies no longer.

They shall go flying
With musical speeches
High overhead in the
Tops of the beeches.

In spite of our wisdom
And sensible talking,
We on our feet must go
Plodding and walking.

—R. L. STEVENSON.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,—
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,—
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad,
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied;
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

—O. GOLDSMITH.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O blithe new-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice :
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy twofold shout I hear ;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery ;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listen'd to ; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
 Through woods and on the green ;
 And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
 Still long'd for, never seen !

And I can listen to thee yet ;
 Can lie upon the plain
 And listen, till I do beget
 That golden time again.

O blessèd bird ! the earth we pace
 Again appears to be
 An unsubstantial, fairy place,
 That is fit home for Thee !

—W. WORDSWORTH.

THE REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland Lass !
 Reaping and singing by herself ;
 Stop here, or gently pass !
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
 And sings a melancholy strain ;
 O listen ! for the vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
 More welcome notes to weary bands
 Of travellers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands :
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago :
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again !

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending ;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending ;
I listen'd, motionless and still ;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

—W. WORDSWORTH.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY.

My mother bore me in the Southern wild,
And I am black, but O my soul is white !
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother brought me underneath a tree,
And, sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissèd me,
And, pointing to the East, began to say :

“ Look on the rising Sun : there God does live,
And gives His light, and gives His heat away,
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

“ And we are put on earth a little space,
 That we may learn to bear the beams of love ;
 And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
 Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

“ For, when our souls have learnt the heat to bear,
 The cloud will vanish, we shall hear His voice,
 Saying, ‘ Come out from the grove, my love and care,
 And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice’.”

Thus did my mother say and kissèd me,
 And thus I say to little English boy,
 When I from black, and he from white cloud free,
 And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat till he can bear
 To lean in joy upon our Father's knee ;
 And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
 And be like him, and he will then love me.

—W. BLAKE.

THE TIGER.

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant deeps or skies
 Burnt the fire of thine eyes ?
 On what wings dare he aspire ?
 What the hand dare seize the fire ?

And what shoulder and what art
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?
 And when thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand and what dread feet ?

What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

—W. BLAKE.

EPITAPH ON A HARE.

Here lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
Nor swifter greyhound follow,
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor e'er heard huntsman's halloo;

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
Who, nursed with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confined,
Was still a wild Jack hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk and oats and straw;
Thistles, or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour his maw,

GREYFRIAR BOOK OF VERSE

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
On pippins' russet peel,
And, when his juicy salads failed
Sliced carrot pleased him well.

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear,
But most before approaching showers,
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round rolling moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humour's sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now beneath his walnut shade
He finds his last, long home,
And waits, in snug concealment hid,
Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, still more aged, feels the shocks
From which no care can save,
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
Must soon partake his grave.

—W. COWPER.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM
GHENT TO AIX.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
"Good speed !" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew ;
"Speed !" echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast

Not a word to each other : we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place ;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
'Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear ;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time !"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, " Stay spur.
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix "—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff ;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And " Gallop," gasped Joris, " for Aix is in sight !

" How they'll greet us ! "—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and crop over, lay dead as a stone ;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer ;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground ;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

—R. BROWNING.

THE OUTLAW'S SONG.

The chough and crow to roost are gone,
The owl sits on the tree,
The hush'd wind wails with feeble moan,
Like infant charity.
The wild-fire dances on the fen,
The red star sheds its ray ;
Uprouse ye then, my merry men !
It is our op'ning day.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
And closed is every flower,
And winking tapers faintly peep
High from my lady's bower ;
Bewilder'd hinds ¹ with shorten'd ken
Shrink on their murky way ;
Uprouse ye then, my merry men !
It is our op'ning day.

Nor board nor garner own we now,
Nor roof nor latchèd door,
Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow
To bless a good man's store ;
Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
And night is grown our day ;
Uprouse ye then, my merry men !
And use it as ye may.

—JOANNA BAILLIE.

¹ Peasants.

TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove !
Thou messenger of Spring !
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear :
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wand'ring through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou flit'st thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year.

O, could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

—JOHN LOGAN.

OTHERE.

(Othere, a Norse sea captain, discoverer of the North Cape, on a visit to England, tells King Alfred about his voyage.)

OTHERE, the old sea-captain,
Who dwelt in Helgoland,
To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,
Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,
Like a boy's his eye appeared ;
His hair was yellow as hay,
But threads of a silvery gray
Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere,
His cheek had the colour of oak ;
With a kind of a laugh in his speech,
Like the sea-tide on a beach,
As unto the King he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Had a book upon his knees,
And wrote down the wondrous tale
Of him who was first to sail
Into the Arctic seas.

“So far I live to the northward,
No man lives north of me ;
To the east are wild mountain-chains,
And beyond them meres and plains ;
To the westward all is sea.

.
“I own six hundred reindeer,
With sheep and swine beside ;
I have tribute from the Finns,
Whalebone and reindeer-skins,
And ropes of walrus-hide.

“I ploughed the land with horses,
But my heart was ill at ease,
For the old seafaring men
Came to me now and then,
With their sagas of the seas ;—

“Of Iceland and of Greenland,
And the stormy Hebrides,
And the undiscovered deep ;—
Oh, I could not eat nor sleep
For thinking of those seas.

“To the northward stretched the desert,
How far I fain would know ;
So at last I sallied forth,
And three days sailed due north
As far as the whale-ships go.

“To the west of me was the ocean,
To the right the desolate shore,
But I did not slacken sail
For the walrus or the whale
Till after three days more.

“The days grew longer and longer,
Till they became as one,
And southward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze
Of the red midnight sun.

“And then uprose before me,
Upon the water’s edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape,
Whose form is like a wedge.

.
“Four days I steered to eastward,
Four days without a night;
Round in a fiery ring
Went the great sun, O King,
With red and lurid light.

“And now the land,” said Othere,
“Bent southward suddenly,
And I followed the curving shore,
And ever southward bore
Into a nameless sea.

“And there we hunted the walrus,
The narwhale and the seal;
Ha! ’twas a noble game,
And like the lightning’s flame
Flew our harpoons of steel.

“There were six of us altogether,
Norsemen of Helgoland;
In two days and no more
We killed of them three-score,
And dragged them to the strand.”

GREYFRIAR BOOK OF VERSE

Here Alfred the truth-teller
Suddenly closed his book,
And lifted his blue eyes,
With doubt and strange surmise
Depicted in their look.

And Othere, the old sea-captain,
Stared at him wild and weird,
Then smiled, till his shining teeth
Gleamed white from underneath
His tawny quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons,
In witness of the truth,
Raising his noble head,
He stretched his brown hand, and said :
“ Behold this walrus-tooth ! ”

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE ECHOING GREEN.

The sun does arise,
And makes happy the skies ;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the spring ;
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bell's cheerful sound ;
While our sports shall be seen
On the echoing green.

Old John, with white hair,
 Does laugh away care,
 Sitting under the oak,
 Among the old folk.
 They laugh at our play,
 And soon they all say,
 "Such, such were the joys
 When we all—girls and boys—
 In our youth-time were seen
 On the echoing green."

Till the little ones, weary,
 No more can be merry :
 The sun does descend,
 And our sports have an end.
 Round the laps of their mothers
 Many sisters and brothers,
 Like birds in their nest,
 Are ready for rest,
 And sport no more seen
 On the darkening green.

—W. BLAKE.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

(This ballad, partly suggested to Coleridge by a friend's dream, was the foundation of a volume "Lyrical ballads," the joint work of Coleridge and Wordsworth, which is generally regarded as the most important step in the literary movement known as "the romantic revival". Wordsworth contributed the idea of the shooting of the albatross, and is said to have composed the lines about "the *ribbed* sea-sand," while they were walking together on the shore at the foot of the Quantock hills.)

It is an ancient Mariner,
 And he stoppeth one of three.
 "By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
 Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

An ancient Mariner meet-
 eth three Gallants bidden
 to a wedding-feast, and
 detaineth one.

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin ;
The guests are met, the feast is set :
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand ;
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off ! unhand me, grey-beard loon !"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child :
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest is
spellbound by the eye of
the old sea-faring man,
and constrained to hear
his tale.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone ;
He cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

"The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he !
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

The Mariner tells how th
ship sailed southward
with a good wind and fair
weather, till it reached the
Line.

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—"
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall—
Red as a rose is she ;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest
heareth the bridal music ;
but the Mariner continu-
eth his tale.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

“ And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong :
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

The ship drawn by a
storm toward the south
pole.

“ With sloping mast and dipping prow,
As who, pursued with yell and blow,
Still treads the shadow of his foe
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

“ And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold,
And ice, mast-high, came floating by
As green as emerald.

“ And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a signal sheen ;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The land of ice, and of
fearful sounds, where no
living thing was to be
seen.

“ The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around :
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound !

“ At length did cross an Albatross :
Thorough the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God’s name.

Till a great sea-bird, called
the Albatross, came
through the snow-fog, and
was received with great
joy and hospitality.

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steered us through !

"And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !

And lo ! the Albatross
proveth a bird of good
omen, and followeth the
ship, as it returned north
ward, through fog and
floating ice.

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white Moon-shine."

"God save thee, ancient Mariner !
From the fiends that plague thee thus !—
Why look'st thou so ?"—"With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross."

The ancient Mariner
inhospitably killeth the
pious bird of good omen

PART THE SECOND.

"The Sun now rose upon the right :
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

"And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !

"And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe :
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah, wretch ! said they, the bird to slay
That made the breeze to blow !

His shipmates cry out
against the ancient
Mariner, for killing the
bird of good luck.

“Nor dim nor red, like God’s own head,
The glorious sun uprist :
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
’Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

But when the fog cleared
off, they justify the same,
and thus make themselves
accomplices in the crime.

“The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free :
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The fair breeze continues ;
the ship enters the Pacific
Ocean and sails north-
ward, even till it reaches
the Line.

The ship hath been
suddenly becalmed.

“Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
’Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea !

“All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

“Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

“Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

And the Albatross begin
to be avenged.

“The very deep did rot : O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

“ About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night ;
The water, like a witch’s oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

“ And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so ;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

“ And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root ;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

“ Ah ! well-a-day, what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.”

A spirit had followed them ; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels, concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

The shipmates in their sore distress would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner : in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

PART THE THIRD.

“ There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye ;
When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

“ At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist :
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

“ A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
And still it neared and neared :
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

“ With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 We could not laugh or wail ;
 Through utter drought all dumb we stood !
 I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
 And cried, A sail ! a sail !

At its nearer approach, it
 seemeth him to be a ship ;
 and at a dear ransom he
 freeth his speech from
 the bonds of thirst.

“ With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 Agape they heard me call :
 Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
 And all at once their breath drew in,
 As they were drinking all.

A flash of joy.

“ See ! see ! (I cried) she tacks no more !
 Hither to work us weal ;
 Without a breeze, without a tide,
 She steadies with upright keel !

And horror follows. For
 can it be a ship that
 comes onward without
 wind or tide ?

“ The Western wave was all a-flame,
 The day was well-nigh done !
 Almost upon the Western wave
 Rested the broad bright Sun ;
 When that strange shape drove suddenly
 Betwixt us and the Sun.

“ And straight the Sun was flecked with bars
 (Heaven’s Mother send us grace !)
 As if through a dungeon-grate he peered,
 With broad and burning face.

It seemeth him but the
 skeleton of a ship.

“ Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud,)
 How fast she nears and nears !
 Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
 Like restless gossameres ?

“ Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun
 Did peer, as through a grate ?
 And is that Woman all her crew ?
 Is that a Death ? and are there two ?
 Is Death that Woman’s mate ?

And its ribs are seen as
 bars on the face of the
 setting Sun.
 The spectre-woman and
 her death-mate, and no
 other on board the
 skeleton-ship.
 Like vessel, like crew !

“ Her lips were red, her looks were free,
 Her locks were yellow as gold :
 Her skin was as white as leprosy,
 The Night-Mare Life-in-Death was she,
 Who thicks man's blood with cold.

“ The naked hulk alongside came,
 And the twain were casting dice ;
 ‘ The game is done ; I've won, I've won ! ’
 Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

Death and Life-in-Death
 have dived for the ship's
 crew, and she (the latter)
 winneth the ancient
 Mariner.
 No twilight within the
 courts of the sun.

“ The Sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out :
 At one stride comes the dark ;
 With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
 Off shot the spectre-bark.

“ We listened and looked sideways up !
 Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
 My life-blood seemed to sip !
 The stars were dim, and thick the night,
 The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white ;
 From the sails the dew did drip—
 Till clomb above the eastern bar
 The horned Moon, with one bright star
 Within the nether tip.

At the rising of the Moon.

“ One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
 Too quick for groan or sigh,
 Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
 And cursed me with his eye.

One after another,

“ Four times fifty living men
 (And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
 With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
 They dropped down one by one.

His shipmates drop down
 dead.

"The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe !
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow !"

But Life-in-Death begins
her work on the ancient
Mariner.

PART THE FOURTH.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner !
I fear thy skinny hand !
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

The Wedding-Guest
feareth that a spirit is
talking to him ;

"I fear thee, and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest !
This body dropt not down.

But the ancient Mariner
assureth him of his bodily
life, and proceedeth to
relate his horrible
penance.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea !
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

"The many men, so beautiful ;
And they all dead did lie ;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on ; and so did I.

He despiseth the creatures
of the calm.

"I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away ;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

And envieth that they
should live and so many
lie dead.

"I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

.

"The moving Moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide :
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

"Her beams bemooked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread ;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes :
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire ;
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam ; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

"O happy living things ! no tongue
Their beauty might declare :
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware :
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

"The self-same moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea."

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward ; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

Their beauty and their happiness.

He blesseth them in his heart.

The spell begins to break.

.

CONCLUSION.

“ And now this spell was snapt : once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

The curse is finally
expiated.

“ Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on
And turns no more his head ;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

“ But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made :
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

“ It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

“ Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too :
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

“ Oh ! dream of joy ! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see ?
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
Is this my own countree ?

And the ancient Mariner
beholdeth his native
country.

“ We drifted o’er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God !
Or let me sleep alway.

“ The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn !
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

“ The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock :
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

“ What loud uproar bursts from that door !
The wedding guests are there :
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are ;
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer !

“ O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea :
So lonely 'twas that God Himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

“ O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk,
With a goodly company !—

“ To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men and babes and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay !

“ Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

“ He prayeth best, who loveth best
 All things both great and small ;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.”

The Mariner whose eye is bright,
 Whose beard with age is hoar,
 Is gone, and now the Wedding-Guest
 Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
 And is of sense forlorn ;
 A sadder and a wiser man,
 He rose the morrow morn.

—S. T. COLERIDGE.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain-tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves, when he did sing :
 To his music, plants and flowers
 Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads and then lay by.
 In sweet music is such art,
 Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

—W. SHAKESPEARE¹ (from *Henry VIII*).

¹ Part of the play of *Henry VIII*, including this song, was probably written by John Fletcher.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

In the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone ;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter
Long ago.

Our God, Heaven cannot hold Him,
Nor earth sustain ;
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When He comes to reign :
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty
Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him whom cherubim
Worship night and day,
A breastful of milk
And a mangerful of hay ;
Enough for Him whom angels
Fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel
Which adore.

Angels and archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim
Throng'd the air ;
But only His mother
In her maiden bliss
Worshipped the Beloved
With a kiss.

What can I give Him,
Poor as I am ?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb,
If I were a wise man
I would do my part,—
Yet what I can I give Him,
Give my heart.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

NIGHT.

The sun descending in the West,
The evening star does shine ;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight,
Sits and smiles on the night.
Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have took delight ;
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
The feet of angels bright ;
Unseen, they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.
They look in every thoughtless nest
Where birds are covered warm ;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm :
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey,
 They pitying stand and weep,
 Seeking to drive their thirst away,
 And keep them from the sheep.

But, if they rush dreadful,
 The angels, most heedful,
 Receive each mild spirit
 New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
 Shall flow with tears of gold ;
 And pitying the tender cries,
 And walking round the fold :
 Saying : " Wrath by His meekness
 And, by His health, sickness,
 Is driven away
 From our immortal day.

" And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
 I can lie down and sleep,
 Or think on Him who bore thy name,
 Graze after thee, and weep.
 For, washed in life's river,
 My bright mane for ever
 Shall shine like the gold,
 As I guard o'er the fold."

—W. BLAKE.

BRUCE TO HIS TROOPS, BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

Scots, wha hae¹ wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led ;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory !

¹ Who have.

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
 See the front o' battle lour ;¹
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Let him turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's King and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Free-man stand, or free-man fa',²
 Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
 By our sons in servile chains !
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !
 Let us do, or die !

—R. BURNS.

THE ROAD TO THE CASTLE OF THE ROSE.

Withal again the day went by,
 And in that city's hostelry
 He slept, and by the dawn of day
 Next morn again was on his way,
 And leaving the scarce wakened street
 The newly risen sun did greet
 With cheerful heart. His way wound on
 Still up and up till he had won

¹ Threaten.

² Fall.

Up to a great hill's chalky brow,
Whence looking back he saw below
The town spread out, church, square, and street,
And baily, crawling up the feet
Of the long yew-besprinkled hill ;
And in the fragrant air and still,
Seeming to gain new life from it,
The doves from roof to roof did flit :
The early fires sent up their smoke
That seemed to him to tell of folk
New wakened unto great delight :
For he upon that morning bright
So joyous felt, so free from pain,
He seemed as he were born again
Into some new immortal state
That knew no envy, fear, or hate.

Now the road turned to his left hand
And led him through a table-land,
Windy and barren of all grain ;
But where a hollow specked the plain
The yew-trees hugged the sides of it,
And mid them did the woodlark flit
Or sang well sheltered from the wind.
And all about the sheep did find
Sweet grass, the while the shepherd's song
Rang clear as Michael sped along.

Long time he rode, till suddenly,
When now the sun was broad and high,
From out a hollow where the yew
Still guarded patches of the dew,
He rode and saw that he had won
That highland's edge, and gazed upon
A valley that beneath the haze
Of that most fair of autumn days,
Showed glorious ; fair with golden sheaves,
Rich with the darkened autumn-leaves,

Gay with the water-meadows green,
 The bright blue streams that lay between,
 The miles of beauty stretched away
 From that bleak hill-side bare and grey,
 Till white cliffs over slopes of vine
 Drew 'gainst the sky a broken line.
 And 'twixt the vineyards and the stream
 Michael saw gilded spirelets gleam ;
 For, hedged with many a flowery close,
 There lay the Castle of the Rose.

—W. MORRIS.

{From "The Man Born to be King," being part of
The Earthly Paradise).

HOW SIGMUND WON THE SWORD OF ODIN.

(Odin, the father of the Gods, strikes a sword into the Branstock, the tree-trunk round which the palace of the Volsungs was built, saying that whoever can draw it forth shall possess it for ever. The Goths, who have come to woo Signy, the daughter of King Volsung, try first in vain.

So strode he to the Branstock, nor greeted any lord,
 But forth from his cloudy raiment he drew a gleaming sword,
 And smote it deep in the tree-bole, and the wild hawks over-
 head

Laughed 'neath the naked heaven as at last he spake and said :
 "Earls of the Goths, and Volsungs, abiders on the earth,
 Lo there amid the Branstock a blade of plenteous worth !
 The folk of the war-wand's forgers wrought never better steel
 Since first the burg of heaven uprose for man-folk's weal.
 Now let the man among you whose heart and hand may shift
 To pluck it from the oakwood e'en take it for my gift."

Upstood the Earls of Siggeir,¹ and each man drew anigh
 And deemed his time was coming for a glorious gain and high ;
 But for all their mighty shaping and their deeds in the battle-wood,

¹ King of the Goths.

Then Gunthiof, and then Hunthiof, they wearied them in vain;
 Nought was the might of Agnar ; not Helgi could avail ;
 Sigi the tall and Solar no further brought the tale,
 Nor Geirmund the priest of the temple, nor Gylfi of the wood.

At last by the side of the Branstock Sigmund the Volsung stood,
 And with right hand wise in battle the precious sword-hilt caught,
 Yet in a careless fashion, as he deemed it all for nought :
 When lo, from floor to rafter went up a shattering shout,
 For aloft in the hand of Sigmund the naked blade shone out
 As high o'er his head he shook it : for the sword had come away
 From the grip of the heart of the Branstock, as though all loose
 it lay.

—W. MORRIS (from *Sigurd the Volsung*).

SONG.

The splendour falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story :
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going !
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
 Blow, bugle ; answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river :
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow for ever and for ever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

—LORD TENNYSON (from *The Princess*).

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

(Written after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.)

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
 But O heart! heart! heart!
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills:
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores
 crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
 Here Captain! dear father!
 This arm beneath your head;
 It is some dream that on the deck
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip, the victor ship comes in with object won:
 Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
 But I, with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

—WALT WHITMAN.

THE DAFFODILS.¹

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:—
A Poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

—W. WORDSWORTH.

¹ Suggested by a clump of daffodils seen near the edge of Ullswater.

THE LAST STAND OF THE SCOTS AT FLODDEN.

But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
In headlong charge their horse assail'd ;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their King.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring ;
The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight ;
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well ;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded King.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shatter'd bands ;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know ;
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless splash,
While many a broken band,

Disorder'd, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!

—SIR WALTER SCOTT (from *Marmion*).

THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR.

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition;
We met an host and quelled it;
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally,
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
We met them and o'erthrew them,
They struggled hard to beat us;
But we conquered them and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king marched forth to catch us :
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.
He fled to his hall-pillars ;
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,
Spilt blood enough to swim in :
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen :
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them :
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us ;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow our chorus.

—T. L. PEACOCK.

THE POET'S SONG.

The rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
He passed by the town and out of the street,
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,
The snake slipt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak
And stared, with his foot on the prey,
And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have passed away."

—LORD TENNYSON.

PART II.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

I. THE SAILING.

The king sits in Dunfermline town
Drinking the blude-red wine ;
“ O whare will I get a skeely¹ skipper
To sail this new ship o’ mine ? ”

O up and spak an eldern knight,
Sat at the king’s right knee ;
“ Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea. ”

Our king has written a braid letter,
And seal’d it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

“ To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o’er the faem ;
The king’s daughter o’ Noroway,
’Tis thou must bring her hame. ”

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud, loud laugh’d he ;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e’e.

¹ Skilful.

"O wha is this has done this deed
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us at this time o' year,
To sail upon the sea?

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem ;
The king's daughter o' Noroway,¹
"Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Moneday morn
Wi' a' the speed they may ;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

II. THE RETURN.

"Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a' !
Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now ever alack, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm.

"I saw the new moon late yestreen
Wi' the old moon in her arm ;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league ;
A league but barely three,
When the lift² grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmast lap,³
It was sic a deadly storm ;
And the waves cam owre the broken ship
Till a' her sides were torn.

¹ The heiress to the Scottish crown, A.D. 1290.

² Sky.

³ Sprang.

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
 Anither o' the twine,
 And they wapp'd them round that gude ship's side,
 But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
 To wet their cork-heel'd shoon;
 But lang or a' the play was play'd
 They wat their hats aboon.¹

And mony was the feather bed
 That flatter'd on the faem;
 And mony was the gude lord's son
 That never mair cam hame.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
 Wi' their fans into their hand,
 Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
 Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
 Wi' their gowd² kames in their hair,
 A-waiting for their ain dear loves!
 For them they'll see nae mair.

Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour,
 'Tis fifty fathoms deep;
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet!

—ANONYMOUS

¹ Above.

² Gold combs.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

When Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates ;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fetter'd to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames ;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confinéd, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty
And glories of my King ;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargéd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage :
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

—COLONEL LOVELACE.

FEAR NO MORE.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun
 Nor the furious winter's rages;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
 Care no more to clothe and eat;
 To thee the reed is as the oak:
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
 Fear not slander, censure rash;
 Thou has finish'd joy and moan:
 All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.
 —W. SHAKESPEARE (from *Cymbeline*).

SONG.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
 Then, heigh ho! the holly!
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot :
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.

Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green holly :
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :

Then, heigh ho ! the holly !

This life is most jolly.

—W. SHAKESPEARE (from *As You Like It*).

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

How sleep the Brave who sink to rest
 By all their Country's wishes blest !
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung :
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
 And Freedom shall awhile repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there !

—W. COLLINS

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
 With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
 The village master taught his little school ;

A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,¹
And even the story ran that he could gauge;²
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
For even though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,

¹ Foretell the sittings of the law-courts and the dates of Church festivals.

² Measure liquids.

A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose,
 The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
 With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay ;
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

—O. GOLDSMITH (from *The Deserted Village*).

AT ROME.

(Byron has taken this picture from a well-known piece of statuary at Rome, called variously "The dying Gladiator" and "The dying Gaul")

I.

I see before me the Gladiator lie :
 He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
 The arena swims around him ; he is gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won.

II.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away ;
 He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
 There were his young barbarians all at play,
 There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
 Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—
 All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he expire,
 And unavenged?—Arise ! ye Goths, and glut your ire !
 —LORD BYRON (from *Childe Harold*, canto iv.).

A THANKSGIVING.

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell,
Wherein to dwell ;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof ;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry ;
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate ;
Both void of state ;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by th' poor,
Who thither come, and freely get
Good words, or meat.
Like as my parlour, so my hall
And kitchen's small ;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipped, unflead ;¹
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine.
And all the other bits that be
There placed by Thee,

¹ Unflayed, i.e. with crust intact,

The worts,¹ the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent ;
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet
To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail-bowls to drink
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
That soils² my land,
And giv'st me for my bushel sown,
'Twice ten for one ;
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day ;
Besides, my healthful ewes to bear
Me twins each year ;
The while the conduits of my kine
Run cream, for wine :
All these and better Thou did'st send
Me, to this end,
That I should render for my part
A thankful heart ;
Which, fired with incense, I resign
As wholly Thine ;
—But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by Thee.

—R. HERRICK.

¹ *Worts*, either herbs and vegetables generally, or whortle berries. Purslain is a herb for seasoning.

² Fertilises.

ETHIOPIA SALUTING THE COLOURS.

(Whitman acted as a nurse in the American Civil War. Here he pictures an aged negress watching by the roadside as the troops of the Northern States march by)

Who are you, dusky woman, so ancient hardly human,
With your woolly-white and turban'd head, and bare bony feet?
Why rising by the roadside here, do you the colours greet?

('Tis while our army lines Carolina's sands and pines,
Forth from thy hovel door thou Ethiopia com'st to me,
As under doughty Sherman I march toward the sea).

Me, master, years a hundred since, from my parents sunder'd,
A little child they caught me as the savage beast is caught,
Then hither me across the sea the cruel slaver brought.

No further does she say, but lingering all the day,
Her high-borne turban'd head she wags, and rolls her darkling eye,
And courtesies to the regiments, the guidons moving by.

What is it, fateful woman, so blear,¹ hardly human?
Why wag your head with turban bound, yellow, red, and green?
Are the things so strange and marvellous you see or have seen?

—W. WHITMAN.

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD.

(Written in Italy.)

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

¹ Dim-eyed.

And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows !
 Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
 That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture !
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower
 —Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

—R. BROWNING.

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA.

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-west died away ;
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay ;
 Bluish mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay ;
 In the dimmest North-east distance, dawned Gibraltar grand and
 grey ;

“ Here and here did England help me : how can I help England ? ”

—say,

Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

—R. BROWNING.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

Come, dear children, let us away :
 Down and away below.
 Now my brothers call from the bay ;
 Now the great winds shorewards blow ;
 Now the salt tides seawards flow ;
 Now the wild white horses play,
 Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.

Children dear, let us away.
This way, this way.
Call her once before you go.
Call once yet.
In a voice that she will know :
" Margaret ! Margaret ! "
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear :
Children's voices, wild with pain.
Surely she will come again.
Call her once and come away.
This way, this way.
" Mother dear, we cannot stay.
The wild white horses foam and fret."
Margaret ! Margaret !
Come, dear children, come away down.
Call no more.
One last look at the white-walled town,
And the little grey church on the windy shore
Then come down.
She will not come though you call all day.
Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell ?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep ;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam ;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream ;
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,

Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and ay ?
When did music come this way ?
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away ?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell.
She sighed, she looked through up the clear green sea.
She said : " I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
"Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me !
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee."
I said : " Go up, dear heart, through the waves.
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves."
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, were we long alone ?
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.
" Long prayers," I said, " in the world they say.
Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white walled town ;
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,
To the little grey church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climbed on the graves, on the stones, worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.

She sate by the pillar ; we saw her clear :
Margaret, hist ! come quick, we are here.
“ Dear heart,” I said, “ we are long alone.
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.”
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were sealed to the holy book.
Loud prays the priest ; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more.
Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down,
Down to the depths of the sea.
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings : “ O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy :
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well :
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun.”
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand ;
And over the sand at the sea ;
And her eyes are set in a stare ;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh,
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaid,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children.
Come, children, come down.

The hoarse wind blows colder ;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing, " Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she.
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."
But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow ;
When clear falls the moonlight ;
When spring-tides are low :
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom ;
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanched sands a gloom :
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie ;
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town ;
At the church on the hill-side—
And then come back down.
Singing, " There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she,
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

—M. ARNOLD.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

“O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

“O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
So haggard and so woebegone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

“I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever-dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.”

“I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a fairy's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

“I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

“I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A fairy's song.

“She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna-dew,
And sure in language strange she said
'I love thee true.'

“ She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

“ And there she lulléd me asleep,
And there I dream'd—Ah ! woe betide !
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side.

“ I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all ;
They cried—‘ La belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall ! ’

“ I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapéd wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

“ And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake
And no birds sing.”

—J. KEATS.

EVENING SONG OF THE PRIEST OF PAN.

Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course has run.
See the dew-drops, how they kiss
Every little flower that is ;
Hanging on their velvet heads
Like a rope of crystal beads ;
See the heavy clouds low-falling,

And bright Hesperus down calling
 The dead night from underground,
 At whose rising, mists unsound,
 Damps and vapours, fly apace
 Hovering o'er the wanton face
 Of these pastures ; where they come
 Striking dead both bud and bloom.

Therefore from such danger, lock
 Every one his lovéd flock,
 And let your dogs lie loose without,
 Lest the wolf come as a scout
 From the mountain, and, ere day,
 Bear a lamb or kid away,
 Or the crafty thievish fox
 Break upon your simple flocks.
 To secure yourself from these,
 Be not too secure in ease ;
 Let one eye his watches keep,
 While the other eye doth sleep ;
 So shall you good Shepherds prove,
 And for ever hold the love
 Of our great God. Sweetest slumbers
 And soft silence fall in numbers
 On your eyelids : so farewell ;
 Thus I end my evening's knell.

—J. FLETCHER.

FROM MY ARMCHAIR.

(The children of Longfellow's own town of Cambridge, in Massachusetts, presented him on his seventy-second birthday with a chair made out of the wood of the chestnut-tree that had once stood by the village smithy : see p. 2.)

Am I a king, that I should call my own
 This splendid ebon throne ?
 Or by what reason, or what right divine,
 Can I proclaim it mine ?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song
It may to me belong ;
Only because the spreading chestnut-tree
Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime,
When in the summer-time
The affluent foliage of its branches made
A cavern of cool shade.

There, by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street,
Its blossoms white and sweet
Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,
And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn, with a shout,
Tossed its great arms about,
The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,
Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare,
Shaped as a stately chair,
Have by my hearthstone found a home at last,
And whisper of the past.

The Danish king could not in all his pride
Repel the ocean tide,
But, seated in this chair, I can in rhyme
Roll back the tide of Time.

I see again, as one in vision sees,
The blossoms and the bees,
And hear the children's voices shout and call,
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow,
 I hear the bellows blow,
 And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat
 The iron white with heat !

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me
 This day a jubilee,
 And to my more than three-score years and ten
 Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,
 And in it are enshrined
 The precious keepsakes, into which is wrought
 The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance could
 Give life to this dead wood,
 And make these branches, leafless now so long,
 Blossom again in song.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE TROSSACHS.

The western waves of ebbing day
 Roll'd o'er the glen their level way ;
 Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
 Was bathed in floods of living fire.
 But not a setting beam could glow
 Within the dark ravines below,
 Where twined the path in shadow hid,
 Round many a rocky pyramid,
 Shooting abruptly from the dell
 Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle ;
 Round many an insulated mass,
 The native bulwarks of the pass,

Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.¹
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seem'd fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lack'd they many a banner fair;
For, from their shiver'd brows display'd,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalm'd the air;
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Grey birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,

¹ The Tower of Babel.

His bows athwart the narrow'd sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue ;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

Onward amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet, still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim,
As served the wild duck's brood to swim.
Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark-blue mirror trace ;
And farther as the hunter stray'd,
Still broader sweep its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave-encircled, seem'd to float,
Like castle girded with its moat ;
Yet broader floods extending still
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid ;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,

One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
 Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd,
 In all her length far winding lay,
 With promontory, creek, and bay,
 And islands, that, empurpled bright,
 Floated amid the livelier light,
 And mountains, that like giants stand,
 To sentinel enchanted land.
 High on the south, huge Benvenue
 Down on the lake in masses threw
 Crag, knolls and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,
 The fragments of an earlier world ;
 A wildering forest feather'd o'er
 His ruin'd sides and summit hoar,
 While on the north, through middle air,
 Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

—SIR W. SCOTT (from *The Lady of the Lake*).

CORONACH.

He is gone on the mountain,
 He is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer-dried fountain,
 When our need was the sorest.
 The font, reappearing,
 From the raindrops shall borrow,
 But to us comes no cheering,
 To Duncan no morrow !
 The hand of the reaper
 Takes the ears that are hoary,
 But the voice of the weeper
 Wails manhood in glory.
 The autumn winds rushing
 Waft the leaves that are searest,
 But our flower was in flushing,
 When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,¹
 Sage counsel in cumber,²
 Red hand in the foray,
 How sound is thy slumber !
 Like the dew on the mountain,
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain,
 Thou art gone, and for ever !
 —SIR W. SCOTT (from *The Lady of the Lake*).

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
 Down in the reeds by the river ?
 Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
 Splashing and paddling with hoof of a goat,
 And breaking the golden lilies afloat
 With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
 From the deep cool bed of the river ;
 The limpid water turbidly ran,
 And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
 And the dragon-fly had fled away,
 Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on shore sate the great god Pan,
 While turbidly flowed the river ;
 And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
 With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
 Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
 To prove it fresh from the river.

¹ Hollow in the side of a hill.

² Trouble.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan
 (How tall it stood in the river!),
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
 In holes, as he sate by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan
 (Laughed while he sate by the river),
"The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed."
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
 He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
 Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
 Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
 To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man:
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
For the reed which grows never more again
 As a reed with the reeds in the river.

—E. B. BROWNING.

FIDELE'S TOMB.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
 Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew;
 The female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress the grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft at evening hours
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,
 With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
 For thee the tear be duly shed;
 Beloved, till life can charm no more;
 And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

—W. COLLINS.

ULYSSES.

It little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
 I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
 Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those

That loved me, and alone ; on shore, and when
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
 Vext the dim sea : I am become a name ;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known ; cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honoured of them all ;
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
 I am a part of all that I have met ;
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
 For ever and for ever when I move.
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnished, not to shine in use !
 As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled in life
 Were all too little, and of one to me
 Little remains : but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things ; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 And this grey spirit yearning in desire
 To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port : the vessel puffs her sail :
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
 Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
 That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old ;
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil ;
 Death closes all : but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :
 The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the deep
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and tho'
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are ;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

—LORD TENNYSON.

SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDA.

Where the remote Bermudas ride
 In the ocean's bosom unespied,
 From a small boat that row'd along
 The listening winds received this song.

“What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own ?
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage :
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus¹ shows :
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet ;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars chosen by His hand
From Lebanon He stores the land ;
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris² on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast ;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
O let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which then perhaps rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay !”

¹ An island in the Persian gulf : it stands for the East generally.

² A substance found on the surface of the sea and used as a perfume.

Thus sung they, in the English boat,
 An holy and a cheerful note,
 And all the way, to guide their chime,
 With falling oars they kept the time.

—A. MARVELL.

STEPPING WESTWARD.

(" While my fellow-traveller and I were walking by the side of Loch Katrine, one fine evening after sunset, in our road to a Hut, where in the course of our Tour we had been hospitably entertained some weeks before, we met, in one of the loneliest parts of that solitary region, two well dressed women, one of whom said to us by way of greeting, 'What, you are stepping westward?' ")

" *What, you are stepping westward?* "—" Yea,"
 'Twould be a *wildish* destiny,
 If we, who thus together roam
 In a strange land, and far from home,
 Were in this place the guests of chance:
 Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
 Though home or shelter he had none,
 With such a sky to lead him on?
 The dewy ground was dark and cold;
 Behind, all gloomy to behold;
 And stepping westward seemed to be
 A kind of heavenly destiny:
 I liked the greeting; 'twas a sound
 Of something without place or bound;
 And seemed to give me spiritual right
 To travel through that region bright.
 The voice was soft, and she who spake
 Was walking by her native lake;
 The salutation had to me
 The very sound of courtesy:
 Its power was felt; and while my eye
 Was fixed upon the glowing sky,

The echo of the voice enwrought
A human sweetness with the thought
Of travelling through the world that lay
Before me in my endless way.

—W. WORDSWORTH.

FROM L'ALLEGRO.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathéd smiles
Such as hang on Hebe's ¹ cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides :—
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe ;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee
In unprovéd pleasures free ;
To hear the lark begin his flight
And singing startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow
Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine :
While the cock with lively din

¹ The goddess of youth.

Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures ;
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

—J. MILTON.

CALM AND STORM.

Be it the summer-noon : a sandy space
The ebbing tide has left upon its place ;
Then just the hot and stony beach above,
Light twinkling streams in bright confusion move ;
—For heated thus, the warmer air ascends,
And with the cooler in its fall contends—
Then the broad bosom of the ocean keeps
An equal motion ; swelling as it sleeps,
Then slowly sinking ; curling to the strand,
Faint lazy waves o'er-creep the rigid sand,
Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow,
And back return in silence, smooth and slow.
Ships in the calm seem anchor'd ; for they glide
On the still sea, urged solely by the tide ;
Art thou not present, this calm scene before,
Where all beside is pebbly length of shore,
And far as eye can reach, it can discern no more ?
Yet sometimes comes a ruffling cloud to make
The quiet surface of the ocean shake ;
As an awaken'd giant with a frown
Might show his wrath, and then to sleep sink down.

View now the winter-storm ! above, one cloud,
Black and unbroken, all the skies o'ershroud ;
'Th' unwieldy porpoise through the day before
Had roll'd in view of boding men on shore ;
And sometimes hid and sometimes show'd his form
Dark as the cloud, and furious as the storm.
All where the eye delights, but dreads to roam,
'The breaking billows cast the flying foam
Upon the billows rising—all the deep
Is restless change ; the waves so swell'd and steep,
Breaking and sinking, and the sunken swells,
Nor one, one moment in its station dwells ;

But nearer land you may the billows trace,
 As if contending in their watery chase;
 May watch the mightiest till the shoal they reach,
 Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch;
 Curl'd as they come, they strike with furious force,
 And then reflowing take their grating course,
 Raking the rounded flints, which ages past
 Roll'd by their rage, and shall to ages last.
 Far off the Petrel in the troubled way
 Swims with her brood, or flutters in the spray;
 She rises often, often drops again,
 And sports at ease on the tempestuous main.
 High o'er the restless deep, above the reach
 Of gunner's hope, vast flights of wild-ducks stretch;
 Far as the eye can glance on either side,
 In a broad space and level line they glide;
 All in their wedge-like figures from the north,
 Day after day, flight after flight, go forth.

In-shore their passage tribes of sea-gulls urge,
 And drop for prey within the sweeping surge.
 Oft in the rough opposing blast they fly
 Far back, then turn, and all their force apply,
 While to the storm they give their weak complaining cry;
 Or clap the sleek, white pinion to the breast,
 And in the restless ocean dip for rest.

—G. CRABBE, 1754-1832 (from *The Borough*).

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne ?

We twa hae rin about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wander'd monie a weary fit
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
 Frae mornin' sun till dine:
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 And gie's a hand o' thine;
 And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught
 For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
 And surely I'll be mine;
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

—R. BURNS.

Lang syne = long ago. Braes = hills. Gowans = daisies. Fit = foot.
 Braid = broad. Fiere = partner. Guid-willie waught = friendly draught.

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG.

Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:
 What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang),
 In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?
 But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease
 To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,
 To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;
 And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
 For Love is of the valley, come thou down

And find him ; by the happy threshold, he,
 Or hand in hand with plenty in the maize,
 Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
 Or foxlike in the vine ; nor cares to walk
 With Death and Morning on the silver horns,
 Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
 Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
 That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
 To roll the torrent out of dusky doors :
 But follow ; let the torrent dance thee down
 To find him in the valley ; let the wild
 Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave
 The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
 Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
 That like a broken purpose waste in air :
 So waste not thou ; but come ; for all the vales
 Await thee ; azure pillars of the hearth
 Arise to thee : the children call, and I
 Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound ;
 Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet ;
 Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
 The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
 And murmuring of innumerable bees.

—LORD TENNYSON (from *The Princess*).

WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I heard a thousand blended notes
 While in a grove I sat reclined,
 In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
 Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

 To her fair works did Nature link
 The human soul that through me ran ;
 And much it grieved my heart to think
 What Man has made of Man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths ;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopp'd and play'd ;
Their thoughts I cannot measure—
But the least motion which they made
It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air ;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What Man has made of Man ?

—W. WORDSWORTH.

THE LAST STAND OF THE NIBLUNGS.

(Gunnar and Hogni, Kings of the Niblungs, have been trapped in the hall of Atli, King of the Eastland, who is married to their sister Gudrun. This tells of their last stand, as they fought in their sister's presence.)

Now the noon was long passed over when again the rumour
arose,
And through the doors cast open flowed in the river of foes :
They flooded the hall of the murder, and surged round that ram-
part of dead ;
No war-duke ran before them, no lord to the onset led,
But the thralls shot spears at adventure, and shot out shafts from
afar,
Till the misty hall was blinded with the bitter drift of war :

Few and faint were the Niblung children, and their wounds were
waxen acold,
And they saw the Hell-gates open as they stood in their grimly
hold :
Yet thrice stormed out King Hogni, thrice stormed out Gunnar
the King,
Thrice fell they aback yet living to the heart of the fated ring ;
And they looked, and their band was little, and no man but was
wounded sore,
And the hall seemed growing greater, such hosts of foes it bore,
So tossed the iron harvest from wall to gilded wall ;
And they looked, and the white-clad Gudrun sat silent over all.

Then the churls and thralls of the Eastland howled out as wolves
accurst,
But oft gaped the Niblungs voiceless, for they choked with anger
and thirst ;
And the hall grew hot as a furnace, and men drank their flowing
blood,
Men laughed and gnawed on their shield-rims, men knew not
where they stood,
And saw not what was before them ; as in the dark men smote,
Men died heart-broken, unsmitten ; men wept with the cry in the
throat,
Men lived on full of war-shafts, men cast their shields aside
And caught the spears to their bosoms ; men rushed with none
beside,
And fell unarmed on the foemen, and tore and slew in death :
And still down rained the arrows as the rain across the heath ;
Still proud o'er all the turmoil stood the Kings of Giuki born,
Nor knit were the brows of Gunnar, nor his song-speech over-
worn ;
But Hogni's mouth kept silence, and oft his heart went forth
To the long, long day of the darkness, and the end of worldly
worth.

Loud rose the roar of the East-folk, and the end was coming at last ;

Now the foremost locked their shield-rims and the hindmost over them cast,

And nigher they drew and nigher, and their fear was fading away,
For every man of the Niblungs on the shaft-strewn pavement lay,
Save Gunnar the King and Hogni ; still the glorious King up-bore
The cloudy shield of the Niblungs set full of shafts of war ;

But Hogni's hands had fainted, and his shield had sunk adown,
So thick with the Eastland spearwood was that rampart of renown ;

And hacked and dull were the edges that had rent the wall of foes ;

Yet he stood upright by Gunnar before that shielded close,
Nor looked on the foemen's faces as their wild eyes drew anear,
And their faltering shield-rims clattered with the remnant of their fear ;

But he gazed on the Niblung woman, and the daughter of his folk,

Who sat o'er all unchanging ere the war-cloud over them broke.

Now nothing might men hearken in the house of Atli's weal,
Save the feet slow tramping onward, and the rattling of the steel,
And the song of the glorious Gunnar, that rang as clearly now
As the speckled storm-cock singeth from the scant-leaved hawthorn-bough

When the sun is dusking over and the March snow pelts the land.
There stood the mighty Gunnar with sword and shield in hand,
There stood the shieldless Hogni with set unangry eyes,
And watched the wall of war-shields o'er the dead men's rampart rise,

And the white blades flickering nigher, and the quivering points of war.

Then the heavy air of the feast-hall was rent with a fearful roar,
And the turmoil came and the tangle, as the wall together ran ;

But aloft yet towered the Niblungs, and man toppled over man,
 And leapt and struggled to tear them ; as whiles amidst the sea
 The doomed ship strives its utmost with mid-ocean's mastery,
 And the tall masts whip the cordage, while the welter whirls and
 leaps,

And they rise and reel and waver, and sink amid the deeps :
 So before the little-hearted in King Atli's murder-hall
 Did the glorious sons of Giuki 'neath the shielded onrush fall :
 Sore wounded, bound and helpless, but living yet, they lie
 Till the afternoon and the even in the first of night shall die.

—WILLIAM MORRIS (from *Sigurd the Volsung*).

A WRECK.

'Twas twilight, and, the sunless day went down
 Over the waste of waters ; like a veil,
 Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
 Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail.
 Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
 And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale
 And the dim desolate deep : twelve days had fear
 Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
 Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,—
 Then some leapt overboard with dreadful yell,
 As eager to anticipate their grave ;
 And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
 And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
 Like one who grapples with the enemy,
 And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
 Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
 Of echoing thunder ; and then all was hush'd,
 Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash

Of billows ; but at intervals there gush'd
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

—LORD BYRON (from *Don Juan*, canto ii.).

THE DAY IS COMING.

Come hither, lads, and hearken, for a tale there is to tell,
Of the wonderful days a-coming, when all shall be better than well.
And the tale shall be told of a country, a land in the midst of the
sea,
And folk shall call it England in the days that are going to be.
There more than one in a thousand in the days that are yet to
come,
Shall have some hope of the morrow, some joy of the ancient home.
For then, laugh not, but listen to this strange tale of mine,
All folk that are in England shall be better lodged than swine.
Then a man shall work and bethink him, and rejoice in the deeds
of his hand,
Nor yet come home in the even too faint and weary to stand.
Men in that time a-coming shall work and have no fear
For to-morrow's lack of earning and the hunger-wolf a-near.
I tell you this for a wonder, that no man then shall be glad
Of his fellow's fall and mishap to snatch at the work he had.
For that which the worker winneth shall then be his indeed,
Nor shall half be reaped for nothing by him that sowed no seed.
O strange new wonderful justice ! But for whom shall we gather
the gain ?
For ourselves and for each of our fellows, and no hand shall labour
in vain.

Then all MINE and all THINE shall be OURS, and no more shall any
man crave
For riches that serve for nothing but to fetter a friend for a
slave.

And what wealth then shall be left us when none shall gather
gold
To buy his friend in the market, and pinch and pine the sold?

Nay, what save the lovely city, and the little house on the hill,
And the wastes and the woodland beauty, and the happy fields we
till;

And the homes of ancient stories, the tombs of the mighty dead;
And the wise men seeking out marvels, and the poet's teeming
head,

And the painter's hand of wonder; and the marvellous fiddle-
bow,
And the banded choirs of music: all those that do and know.

For all these shall be ours and all men's, nor shall any lack a
share
Of the toil and the gain of living in the days when the world
grows fair.

Ah! such are the days that shall be! But what are the deeds of
to-day,

In the days of the years we dwell in, that wear our lives away?

Why, then, and for what are we waiting? There are three words
to speak.

WE WILL IT, and what is the foeman but the dream-strong
wakened and weak?

O why and for what are we waiting? while our brothers droop
and die,

And on every wind of the heavens a wasted life goes by.

THE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN ABDIEL AND SATAN 103

How long shall they reproach us where crowd on crowd they dwell,
Poor ghosts of the wicked city, the gold-crushed hungry hell?

Through squalid life they laboured, in sordid grief they died,
Those sons of a mighty mother, those props of England's pride.

They are gone; there is none can undo it, nor save our souls from
the curse;

But many a million cometh, and shall they be better or worse?

.

Come, then, since all things call us, the living and the dead,
And o'er the weltering tangle a glimmering light is shed.

Come, then, let us cast off fooling, and put by ease and rest,
For the CAUSE alone is worthy till the good days bring the best.

Come, join in the only battle wherein no man can fail,
Where whoso fadeth and dieth, yet his deed shall still prevail.

Ah! come, cast off all fooling, for this, at least, we know:
That the Dawn and the Day is coming, and forth the Banners go.

—WILLIAM MORRIS.

THE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN ABDIEL AND SATAN.

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield
Such ruin intercept; ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstay'd; as if on earth
Winds under ground or waters, forcing way
Side-long had push'd a mountain from his seat,
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seized
The rebel thrones, but greater rage to see

Thus foil'd their mightiest ; ours joy fill'd, and shout,
 Presage of victory, and fierce desire
 Of battle ; whereat Michael bid sound
 The arch-angel trumpet ; through the vast of Heaven
 It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
 Hosanna to the Highest ; nor stood at gaze
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
 The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
 And clamour, such as heard in Heaven till now
 Was never ; arms on armour clashing bray'd
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
 Of brazen chariots raged ; dire was the noise
 Of conflict ; overhead the dismal hiss
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
 And flying vaulted either host with fire.
 So under fiery cope together rush'd
 Both battles main, with ruinous assault
 And inextinguishable rage ; all Heaven
 Resounded, and had earth been then, all earth
 Had to her centre shook.

—J. MILTON (from *Paradise Lost*, Bk. VI.).

THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams ;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noon-day dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one ;
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under,

And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers
Lightning my pilot sits ;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,—
It struggles and howls at fits :
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
While he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain crag
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
- Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of Heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof ;
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow ;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky :
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,

And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

—P. B. SHELLEY.

MY HEART LEAPS UP.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky :
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old
Or let me die !
The Child is father of the Man :
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

—W. WORDSWORTH.

A GARDEN.

(Written after the Civil Wars.)

See how the flowers, as at parade,
Under their colours stand displayed :
Each regiment in order grows,
That of the tulip, pink, and rose.
But when the vigilant patrol
Of stars walks round about the pole,
Their leaves, that to the stalks are curled,
Seem to their staves the ensign furled.
Then in some flower's beloved hut
Each bee, as sentinel, is shut,
And sleeps so too ; but if once stirr'd,
She runs you through without a word.

O Thou, that dear and happy Isle,
 The garden of the world erewhile,
 Thou Paradise of the four seas
 Which Heaven planted us to please,
 But, to exclude the world, did guard
 With wat'ry if not flaming sword ;
 What luckless apple did we taste
 To make us mortal and thee waste !
 Unhappy ! Shall we never more
 That sweet militia restore,
 When gardens only had their towers,
 And all the garrisons were flowers,
 When roses only arms might bear,
 And men did rosy garlands wear ?

—ANDREW MARVELL.

TILL WE HAVE BUILT JERUSALEM.

And did those feet in ancient time
 Walk upon England's mountain green ?
 And was the holy Lamb of God
 On England's pleasant pastures seen ?
 And did the Countenance Divine
 Shine forth upon our clouded hills ?
 And was Jerusalem builded here
 Among these dark Satanic mills ?
 Bring me my bow of burning gold !
 Bring me my arrows of desire !
 Bring me my spear : O clouds, unfold !
 Bring me my chariot of fire !
 I will not cease from mental fight,
 Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
 Till we have built Jerusalem
 In England's green and pleasant land.

—W. BLAKE.

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon ;
As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song :
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.
We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring ;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or any thing.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the Summer's rain
Or as the pearls of morning's dew
Ne'er to be found again.

—R. HERRICK.

FOUR BY THE CLOCK.

Four by the clock ! and yet not day ;
But the great world rolls and wheels away
With its cities on land, and its ships at sea,
Into the dawn that is to be.
Only the lamp in the anchored bark
Sends its glimmer across the dark,
And the heavy breathing of the sea
Is the only sound that comes to me.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

PART III.

SATAN CAST OUT FROM HEAVEN.

Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal ; but his doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath ; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him ; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,
Mix'd with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
At once, as far as Angel's ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild ;
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace, flamed ; yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,
That comes to all ; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.

—J. MILTON (from *Paradise Lost*, Bk. I.).

FROM "PARACELSUS."

Over the sea our galleys went,
With cleaving prows in order brave
To a speeding wind and a bounding wave,
A gallant armament :

Each bark built out of a forest-tree

Left leafy and rough as first it grew,
And nailed all over the gaping sides,
Within and without, with black bull-hides,
Seethed in fat and suppld in flame,
To bear the playful billows' game :
So, each good ship was rude to see,
Rude and bare to the outward view,

But each upbore a stately tent
Where cedar pales in scented row
Kept out the flakes of the dancing brine,
And an awning drooped the mast below,
In fold on fold of the purple fine,
That neither noontide nor starshine
Nor moonlight cold which maketh mad,

Might pierce the regal tenement.
When the sun dawned, oh, gay and glad
We set the sail and plied the oar ;
But when the night-wind blew like breath,
For joy of one day's voyage more,
We sang together on the wide sea,
Like men at peace on a peaceful shore ;
Each sail was loosed to the wind so free,
Each helm made sure by the twilight star,
And in a sleep as calm as death,
We, the voyagers from afar,

Lay stretched along, each weary crew
In a circle round its wondrous tent
Whence gleamed soft light and curled rich scent,

And with light and perfume, music too :
So the stars wheeled round, and the darkness past,
And at morn we started beside the mast,
And still each ship was sailing fast.
Now, one morn, land appeared—a speck
Dim trembling betwixt sea and sky :
“ Avoid it,” cried our pilot, “ check
The shout, restrain the eager eye !”
But the heaving sea was black behind
For many a night and many a day,
And land, though but a rock, drew nigh ;
So, we broke the cedar pales away,
Let the purple awning flap in the wind,
And a statue bright was on every deck !
We shouted, every man of us,
And steered right into the harbour thus,
With pomp and pæan glorious.

A hundred shapes of lucid stone !
All day we built its shrine for each,
A shrine of rock for every one,
Nor paused till in the westering sun
We sat together on the beach
To sing because our task was done.
When lo ! what shouts and merry songs !
What laughter all the distance stirs !
A loaded raft with happy throngs
Of gentle islanders !
“ Our isles are just at hand,” they cried,
“ Like cloudlets faint in even sleeping ;”
“ Our temple-gates are opened wide,
Our olive-groves thick shade are keeping
For these majestic forms ”—they cried.
Oh, then we awoke with sudden start
From our deep dream, and knew, too late,

How bare the rock, how desolate,
 Which had received our precious freight :
 Yet we called out—"Depart !
 Our gifts, once given, must here abide.
 Our work is done ; we have no heart
 To mar our work,"—we cried.

—R. BROWNING.

THE GOLDEN YEAR.

We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move ;
 The Sun flies forward to his brother Sun ;
 The dark Earth follows wheel'd in her ellipse ;
 And human things returning on themselves
 Move onward, leading up the golden year.

Ah, tho' the times, when some new thought can bud,
 Are but as poets' seasons when they flower,
 Yet oceans daily gaining on the land
 Have ebb and flow conditioning their march,
 And slow and sure comes up the golden year.

When wealth no more shall rest in mounded heaps,
 But smit with freer light shall slowly melt
 In many streams to fatten lower lands,
 And light shall spread, and man be liker man
 Thro' all the season of the golden year.

Shall eagles not be eagles? Wrens be wrens?
 If all the world were falcons, what of that?
 The wonder of the eagle were the less,
 But he not less the eagle. Happy days
 Roll onward, leading up the golden year.

Fly, happy, happy sails, and bear the Press ;
 Fly happy with the mission of the Cross ;
 Knit land to land, and blowing havenward
 With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear of toll,
 Enrich the markets of the golden year.

But we grow old. Ah ! when shall all men's good
 Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
 Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
 And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
 Thro' all the circle of the golden year ?

—LORD TENNYSON.

TO THE MUSES.

Whether on Ida's shady brow,
 Or in the chambers of the east,
 The chambers of the sun, that now
 From ancient melody have ceased ;

Whether in Heaven ye wander fair,
 Or the green corners of the earth,
 Or the blue regions of the air
 Where the melodious winds have birth ;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
 Beneath the bosom of the sea,
 Wandering in many a coral grove ;
 Fair Nine, forsaking poetry ;

How have you left the ancient love
 The bards of old enjoyed in you !
 The languid strings do scarcely move,
 The sound is forced, the notes are few !

—W. BLAKE.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

(May, 1652.)

Cromwell, our chief of men, who, through a cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
 And on the neck of crown'd fortune proud
 Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,
 While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
 And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains
 To conquer still; peace hath her victories
 No less renown'd than war; new foes arise
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

—J. MILTON.

MORNING AFTER STORM.

Who has not walked upon the shore,
 And who does not the morning know,
 The day the angry gale is o'er,
 The hour the wind has ceased to blow?

The horses of the strong south-west
 Are pastured round his tropic tent,
 Careless how long the ocean's breast
 Sob on and sigh for passion spent.

The frightened birds, that fled inland
 To house in rock and tower and tree,
 Are gathering on the peaceful strand,
 To tempt again the sunny sea;

Whereon the timid ships steal out
 And laugh to find their foe asleep,
 That lately scattered them about,
 And drave them to the fold like sheep.

The snow-white clouds he northward chased
 Break into phalanx, line, and band :
 All one way to the south they haste,
 The south, their pleasant fatherland.

From distant hills their shadows creep,
 Arrive in turn and mount the lea,
 And flit across the downs, and leap
 Sheer off the cliff upon the sea ;

And sail and sail far out of sight.
 But still I watch their fleecy trains,
 That piling all the south with light,
 Dapple in France the fertile plains.

—ROBERT BRIDGES.

THE DEATH OF SIGMUND, KING OF THE VOLSUNGS.

(Sigmund's hosts are worsted in battle by those of King Lyngi, who had been a rival with Sigmund for the hand of Hiordis. Sigmund encounters Odin, the father of the Gods—"one-eyed and seeming ancient"—an event which seals his doom.)

In the noon sun shone King Sigmund as an image all of gold,
 And he stood before the foremost and the banner of his fame,
 And many a thing he remembered, and he called on each earl by
 his name

To do well for the house of the Volsungs, and the ages yet unborn.
 Then he tossed up the sword of the Branstock, and blew on his
 father's horn,

Dread of so many a battle, doom-song of so many a man.
 Then all the earth seemed moving as the hosts of Lyngi ran
 On the Volsung men and the Isle-folk, like wolves upon the prey ;
 But sore was their labour and toil ere the end of their harvesting day.

On went the Volsung banners, and on went Sigmund before,
 And his sword was the flail of the tiller on the wheat of the wheat-
 thrashing floor,
 And his shield was rent from his arm, and his helm was sheared
 from his head :
 But who may draw nigh him to smite for the heap and the ram-
 part of dead ?

White went his hair on the wind like the ragged drift of the cloud,
 And his dust-driven, blood-beaten harness was the death-storm's
 angry shroud,
 When the summer sun is departing in the first of the night of
 wrack ;
 And his sword was the cleaving lightning, that smites and is hurried
 aback
 Ere the hand may rise against it ; and his voice was the following
 thunder.

Then cold grew the battle before him, dead-chilled with the fear
 and the wonder :
 For again in his ancient eyes the light of victory gleamed ;
 From his mouth grown tuneful and sweet the song of his kindred
 streamed ;
 And no more was he worn and weary, and no more his life seemed
 spent :
 And with all the hope of his childhood was his wrath of battle blent ;
 And he thought : A little further, and the river of strife is passed,
 And I shall sit triumphant the king of the world at last.

But lo, through the hedge of the war-shafts a mighty man there
 came,
 One-eyed and seeming ancient, but his visage shone like flame :
 Gleaming-grey was his kirtle, and his hood was cloudy blue ;
 And he bore a mighty twi-bill, as he waded the fight-sheaves
 through,
 And stood face to face with Sigmund, and upheaved the bill to
 smite.

Once more round the head of the Volsung fierce glittered the
Branstock's light,

The sword that came from Odin ; and Sigmund's cry once more
Rang out to the very heavens above the din of war.

Then clashed the meeting edges with Sigmund's latest stroke,
And in shivering shards fell earthward that fear of worldly folk.

But changed were the eyes of Sigmund, and the war-wrath left his
face ;

For that grey-clad mighty helper was gone, and in his place
Drave on the unbroken spear-wood 'gainst the Volsung's empty
hands :

And there they smote down Sigmund, the wonder of all lands,
On the foemen, on the death-heap his deeds had piled that day.

Ill hour for Sigmund's fellows ! they fall like the seeded hay
Before the brown scythes' sweeping, and there the Isle-king fell
In the fore-front of his battle, wherein he wrought right well,
And soon they were naught but foemen who stand upon their feet
On the isle-strand by the ocean where the grass and the sea-sand
meet.

And now hath the conquering War-king another deed to do,
And he saith : " Who now gainsayeth King Lyngi come to woo,
The lord and the overcomer and the bane of the Volsung kin ? "
So he fares to the Isle-king's dwelling a wife of the kings to win ;
And the host is gathered together, and they leave the field of the
dead ;

And round as a targe of the Goth-folk the moon ariseth red.

And so when the last is departed, and she deems they will come
not aback,

Fares Hiordis forth from the thicket to the field of the fateful
wrack,¹

And half-dead was her heart for sorrow as she waded the swathes
of the sword.

¹ Tumult.

Not far did she search the death-field ere she found her king and
 lord
 On the heap that his glaive¹ had fashioned : not yet was his spirit
 past,
 Though his hurts were many and grievous, and his life-blood ebbing
 fast ;
 And glad were his eyes and open as her wan face over him hung,
 And he spake : "Thou art sick with sorrow, and I would thou
 wert not so young ;
 Yet as my days passed shall thine pass ; and a short while now it
 seems
 Since my hand first gripped the sword-hilt, and my glory was but
 in dreams."
 She said : "Thou livest, thou livest ! the leeches shall heal thee
 still."
 "Nay," said he, "my heart hath hearkened to Odin's bidding and
 will ;
 For to-day have mine eyes beheld him : nay, he needed not to
 speak :
 Forsooth I knew of his message and the thing he came to seek.
 And now do I live but to tell thee of the days that are yet to
 come :
 And perchance to solace thy sorrow ; and then will I get me home
 To my kin that are gone before me. Lo, yonder where I stood,
 The shards of a glaive of battle that was once the best of the good :
 Take them and keep them surely. I have lived no empty days ;
 The Norns were my nursing mothers ; I have won the people's
 praise.
 When the Gods for one deed asked me I ever gave them twain ;
 Spendthrift of glory I was, and great was my life-days' gain ;
 Now these shards have been my fellow in the work the Gods would
 have,
 But to-day hath Odin taken the gift that once he gave.

¹ Sword.

I have wrought for the Volsungs truly, and yet have I known full well
 That a better one than I am shall bear the tale to tell :
 And for him shall these shards be smithied ; and he shall be my son
 To remember what I have forgotten and to do what I left undone.
 Under thy girdle he lieth, and how shall I say unto thee,
 Unto thee, the wise of women, to cherish him heedfully.
 Now, wife, put by thy sorrow for the little day we have had ;
 For in sooth I deem thou weapest : The days have been fair and glad :
 And our valour and wisdom have met, and thou knowest they shall
 not die :

Sweet and good were the days, nor yet to the fates did we cry
 For a little longer yet, and a little longer to live :
 But we took, we twain in our meeting, all gifts that they had to
 give :

Our wisdom and valour have kissed, and thine eyes shall see the
 fruit,

And the joy for his days that shall be hath pierced mine heart to
 the root.

Grieve not for me ; for thou weapest that thou canst not see my face
 How its beauty is not departed, nor the hope of mine eyes grown
 base.

Indeed I am waxen weary ; but who heedeth weariness
 That hath been day-long on the mountain in the winter weather's
 stress,

And now stands in the lighted doorway and seeth the king draw
 nigh,

And heareth men dighting the banquet, and the bed wherein he
 shall lie ? ”

Then failed the voice of Sigmund ; but so mighty was the man,
 That a long while yet he lingered till the dusky night grew wan,
 And she sat and sorrowed o'er him, but no more a word he spake.
 Then a long way over the sea-flood the day began to break ;
 And when the sun was arisen a little he turned his head
 Till the low beams bathed his eyen, and there lay Sigmund dead.

—W. MORRIS (from *Sigurd the Volsung*).

HELLAS.

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn :
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far ;
A new Peneus rolls its fountains
Against the morning star.
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

O write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be—
Nor mix with Laian rage¹ the joy
Which dawns upon the free,
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime :
And leave, if naught so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize ;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

¹ Œdipus, who solved the riddle of the Sphinx, unwittingly killed his father Laius in a quarrel. This deed brought an inherited curse upon his family.

O cease ! must hate and death return ?
 Cease ! must men kill and die ?
 Cease ! drain not to its dregs the urn
 Of bitter prophecy !
 The world is weary of the past—
 O might it die or rest at last !

—P. B. SHELLEY.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

(The Council of the Commonwealth, to whom Milton was Latin Secretary, sent a despatch to remonstrate with the Duke of Savoy for his cruel massacre of his Protestant subjects in an Alpine valley.)

Avenge, O Lord ! Thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold ;
 Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old
 When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones
 Forget not : in Thy book record their groans
 Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple tyrant : that from these may grow
 A hundred-fold, who, having learnt Thy way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

—J. MILTON.

A TOMB IN THE CHURCH OF BROU.

So rest, for ever rest, O Princely Pair !
In your high Church, 'mid the still mountain air,
Where horn, and hound, and vassals, never come.
Only the blessed Saints are smiling dumb
From the rich painted windows of the nave
On aisle, and transept, and your marble grave :
Where thou, young Prince, shalt never more arise
From the fring'd mattress where thy Duchess lies,
On autumn mornings, when the bugle sounds,
And ride across the drawbridge with thy hounds
To hunt the boar in the crisp woods till eve.
And thou, O Princess, shalt no more receive,
Thou and thy ladies, in the hall of state,
The jaded hunters with their bloody freight,
Coming benighted to the castle gate.

So sleep, for ever sleep, O Marble Pair !
Or, if ye wake, let it be then, when fair
On the carv'd Western Front a flood of light
Streams from the setting sun, and colours bright
Prophets, transfigur'd Saints, and Martyrs brave,
In the vast western window of the nave ;
And on the pavement round the Tomb there glints
A chequer-work of glowing sapphire tints,
And amethyst and ruby ;—then unclose
Your eyelids on the stone where ye repose,
And from your broider'd pillows lift your heads,
And rise upon your cold white marble beds,
And looking down on the warm rosy tints
That chequer, at your feet, the illumin'd flints,
Say—"What is this ? we are in bliss—forgiven—
Behold the pavement of the courts of Heaven !" —
Or let it be on autumn nights, when rain
Doth rustlingly above your heads complain
On the smooth leaden roof, and on the walls,

Shedding her pensive light at intervals,
 The Moon through the clerestory windows shines,
 And the wind wails among the mountain pines.
 Then, gazing up through the dim pillars high,
 The foliag'd marble forest, where ye lie,
 "Hush"—ye will say—"it is eternity!
 This is the glimmering verge of Heaven, and these
 The columns of the Heavenly Palaces".—
 And in the sweeping of the wind your ear
 The passage of the Angels' wing will hear,
 And on the lichen-crust'd leads above
 The rustle of the eternal rain of Love. —M. ARNOLD

ODE TO AUTUMN.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness !
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease ;
 For Summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.
 Who hath not seen Thee oft amid thy store ?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
 Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
 Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers ;
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Aye, where are they ?
 Think not of them,—thou hast thy music too,
 While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river-sallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
 Hedge-crickets sing, and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

—J. KEATS.

SATAN TAKES COMMAND OF THE REBEL ANGELS

He scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend
 Was moving toward the shore ; his ponderous shield,
 Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
 Behind him cast ; the broad circumference
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
 'Through optic glass the Tuscan artist¹ views
 At evening, from the top of Fesole
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
 Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
 His spear, to equal which the tallest pine,
 Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
 Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
 He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
 Over the burning marle, not like those steps
 On Heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
 Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
 Of that inflamèd sea he stood, and call'd
 His legions, Angel forms, who lay entranced

¹ Galileo.

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
 In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
 High overarch'd embower;

So thick bestrown,
 Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,
 Under amazement of their hideous change.
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
 Of hell resounded :—Princes, Potentates,
 Warriors, the Flower of Heaven, once yours, now lost,
 If such astonishment as this can seize
 Eternal spirits; or have you chosen this place
 After the toil of battle to repose
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
 To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 To adore the conqueror? who now beholds
 Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
 With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
 His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern
 The advantage, and descending tread us down
 Thus drooping, or with linkèd thunder-bolts
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen.

They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung
 Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
 Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
 Yet to their General's voice they soon obey'd,
 Innumerable. As when the potent rod
 Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
 Waved round the coast, upcalled a pitchy cloud
 Of locusts warping¹ on the Eastern wind,

¹ Flying in a zig-zag track.

That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darkened all the land of Nile;
So numberless were those bad angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain;
A multitude like which the populous north
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw,¹ when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.

—J. MILTON (from *Paradise Lost*, Bk. I.).

INVOCATION TO LIGHT.

(The scene of the first two books of "Paradise Lost" is laid in Hell. In the third book the opening scene is in Heaven.)

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born!
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight,
Through utter² and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the Heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;

¹ Rhine and Danube.

² outer.

So thick a drop serene ¹ hath quench'd their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief
 Thee Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit ; nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
 So were I equall'd with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyras ² and blind Mæonides,³
 And Tiresias ⁴ and Phineus,⁵ prophets old :
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
 But cloud instead and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of Nature's works to me expunged and rased,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate ; there plant eyes ; all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

—J. MILTON (from *Paradise Lost*, Bk. III.).

¹ Gutta serena was the name of the affection of the eyes which made Milton blind.

² A Thracian musician.

⁴ The blind prophet of Thebes.

³ Homer.

⁵ King of Arcadia.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,—
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?
I fondly ask :—But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies ; God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts : who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best : His state
Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest :—
They also serve who only stand and wait.

—J. MILTON

THE SONG OF CALLICLES ON ETNA.

Through the black, rushing smoke-bursts,
Thick breaks the red flame.
All Etna heaves fiercely
Her forest-cloth'd frame.
Not here, O Apollo !
Are haunts meet for thee.
But, where Helicon breaks down
In cliff to the sea,
Where the moon-silver'd inlets
Send far their light voice
Up the still vale of Thisbe,
O speed, and rejoice !
On the sward, at the cliff-top,
Lie strewn the white flocks ;
On the cliff-side, the pigeons
Roost deep in the rocks.

In the moonlight the shepherds,
Soft lull'd by the rills,
Lie wrapt in their blankets,
Asleep on the hills.

—What Forms are these coming
So white through the gloom?
What garments out-glistening
The gold-flower'd broom?

What sweet-breathing Presence
Out-perfumes the thyme?
What voices enrapture
The night's balmy prime?—

'Tis Apollo comes leading
His choir, The Nine.

—The Leader is fairest,
But all are divine.

They are lost in the hollows,
They stream up again.
What seeks on this mountain
The glorified train?—

They bathe on this mountain
In the spring by their road.
Then on to Olympus,
Their endless abode.

—Whose praise do they mention
Of what is it told?—
What will be for ever,
What was from of old.

First hymn they the Father
Of all things: and then
The rest of Immortals,
The action of men;

The Day in its hotness,
The strife with the palm ;
The Night in its silence,
The Stars in their calm.

—M. ARNOLD (from *Empedocles on Etna*).

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;

How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !
Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the Poor.
The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour :—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?
Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :
But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.
Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes
Their lot forbad : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;
The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride¹
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews
That teach the rustic moralist to die.
For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?
On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

¹ Many poets and writers of the eighteenth century wrote to the order of rich patrons among the nobility.

For thee,¹ who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,
 Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;
 There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
 Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
 Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.
 One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;
 The next with dirges due in sad array
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,—
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
 A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heaven, 'twas all he wish'd, a friend.

¹ The poet.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

—T. GRAY.

ON A FAVOURITE CAT, DROWNED IN A
TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow,
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared :
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes—
She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream :
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw :
A whisker first, and then a claw
With many an ardent wish
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize—
What female heart can gold despise ?
What Cat's averse to Fish ?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent
 Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
 Nor knew the gulf between—
 Malignant Fate sat by and smiled—
 The slippery verge her feet beguiled ;
 She tumbled headlong in !

Eight times emerging from the flood
 She mew'd to every watery God
 Some speedy aid to send :—
 No Dolphin came, no Nereid ¹ stirr'd,
 Nor cruel Tom or Susan heard—
 A favourite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties ! undeceived
 Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
 And be with caution bold :
 Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
 And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
 Nor all that glisters gold ! —T. GRAY.

FROM "IL PENNEROSO".

Come, pensive nun,² devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of cypres lawn
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn :
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast :

¹ Sea-nymph.

² The Spirit of Melancholy.

And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Ay round about Jove's altar sing:
And add to these retired Leisure
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure:—
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia¹ checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak.
—Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering Moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar:
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removèd place will fit,

¹ The moon.

Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ;
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,
 Not trick'd and frounced as she was wont
 With the Attic Boy¹ to hunt,
 But kercheft in a comely cloud
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves
 With minute drops from off the eaves.
 And when the sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
 To archèd walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan² loves,
 Of pine, or monumental oak,
 Where the rude axe, with heavèd stroke,
 Was never heard the nymphs to daunt
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
 There in close covert by some brook
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honey'd thigh
 That at her flowery work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring
 With such consort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep ;
 And let some strange mysterious dream

¹ Cephalus, a hunter beloved by Aurora, the Dawn.

² Silvanus, a satyr.

Wave at his wings¹ in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eyelids laid :
 And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
 Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
 But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,
 And love the high embowèd roof,
 With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight
 Casting a dim religious light :
 There let the pealing organ blow
 To the full-voiced quire below
 In service high and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

—J. MILTON.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

(Byron himself raised a volunteer force, at the head of which he fought in the war of independence. The verses below are imagined to be spoken by a modern Greek who rebukes his degenerate countrymen for preferring ease to the spirit of independence which animated their forefathers.)

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war, and peace—
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

¹ i.e. trail after the wings of sleep.

The Scian and the Teian muse,¹
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse ;
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest".

The mountains look on Marathon,
 And Marathon looks on the sea ;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free ;
 For, standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations ;—all were his !
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set, where were they ?

And where are they, and where art thou,
 My country ? on thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—
 The heroic bosom beats no more !
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine ?

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest ?
 Must *we* but blush ?—Our fathers bled.
 Earth ! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead !
 Of the three hundred grant but three
 To make a new Thermopylæ !

¹The epic poetry of Homer and the songs of Anacreon.

What, silent still ? and silent all ?

Ah ! no ;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, " Let one living head,
But one, arise—we come, we come ! "
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain : strike other chords ;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine !
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine !
Hark ! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance ¹ as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one ?
You have the letters Cadmus ² gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
We will not think of themes like these ;
It made Anacreon's song divine :
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant ; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese ³
Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;
That tyrant was Miltiades !
Oh ! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind !
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

¹ A war dance in which the performer went through all the motions of fighting.

² Founder of Thebes and reputed inventor of letters.

³ The Thracian Chersonese.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,¹
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers bore ;
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
 The Heracleidan blood might own.
 Trust not for freedom to the Franks—²
 They have a king who buys and sells ;
 In native swords, and native ranks,
 The only hope of courage dwells ;
 But Turkish force and Latin fraud,
 Would break your shield, however broad.
 Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
 I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
 But gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.
 Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
 There, swan like, let me sing and die :
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

—LORD BYRON.

EDEN.

Southward through Eden went a river large,
 Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
 Pass'd underneath ingulf'd ; for God had thrown
 That mountain as His garden-mould, high raised
 Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Water'd the garden ; thence united fell

¹ In Albania.

² i.e. peoples of Western Europe.

Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears ;
And now, divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account ;
But rather to tell how, if art could tell
How, from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrown'd the noontide bowers. Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view :
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable—Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only—and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant ; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply ; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune

The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
 Led on the eternal Spring.

—J. MILTON (from *Paradise Lost*, Bk. IV.).

UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

(*September 3, 1802.*)

Earth has not anything to show more fair :
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty :
 This City now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning : silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

—W. WORDSWORTH.

AN HORATIAN ODE.¹

The forward youth that would appear ²
 Must now forsake his muses dear,
 Nor in the shadows sing
 His numbers languishing.
 'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
 And oil the unused armour's rust
 Removing from the wall
 The corslet of the hall.

¹ Upon Cromwell's return from Ireland.

² Distinguish himself.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urgèd his active star.

What field of all the civil war
Where his were not the deepest scar ?
And Hampton ¹ shows what part
He had of wiser art,

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's ² narrow case ;

That thence the Royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn :
While round the armèd bands
Did clap their bloody hands ;

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try ;

Nor call'd the Gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right ;
But bow'd his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed :
So much one man can do
That does both act and know.

¹ Hampton Court where Charles escaped to the Isle of Wight.

² Pronounce in two syllables, Car'sbrook's.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just
And fit for highest trust ;

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the Republic's hand—
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey !

He to the Commons' feet presents
A kingdom for his first year's rents,
And (what he may) forbears
His fame, to make it theirs :

And has his sword and spoils ungirt
To lay them at the Public's skirt.
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having kill'd, no more does search
But on the next green bough to perch.
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

—What may not then our Isle presume
While victory his crest does plume ?
What may not others fear
If thus he crowns each year !

But Thou, the War's and Fortune's son
March indefatigably on ;
And for the last effect
Still keep the sword erect :

Besides the force it has to fright
The Spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power, must it maintain.

—A. MARVELL.

SLAVES CANNOT BREATHE IN ENGLAND.

There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man ; the nat'ral bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax,
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colour'd like his own ; and having pow'r
T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys ;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplor'd
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man ? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man ?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth,
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No : dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation priz'd above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home—Then why abroad ?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave,
That parts us, are emancipate and loos'd.
Slaves cannot breathe in England ; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free ;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.

That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
 And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
 And let it circulate through ev'ry vein
 Of all your empire ; that, where Britain's pow'r
 Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

—W. COWPER (from *The Task*, Bk. II.).

LUCY.

I.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the springs of Dove ;
 A maid whom there were none to praise,
 And very few to love.
 A violet by a mossy stone
 Half-hidden from the eye !
 —Fair as a star, when only one
 Is shining in the sky.
 She lived unknown, and few could know
 When Lucy ceased to be ;
 But she is in her grave, and O !
 The difference to me !

II.

Three years she grew in sun and shower ;
 Then Nature said, " A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown :
 This child I to myself will take ;
 She shall be mine, and I will make
 A lady of my own.
 " Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse : and with me
 The girl, in rock and plain,
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
 Shall feel an overseeing power
 To kindle or restrain.

“She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs ;
And her’s shall be the breathing balm,
And her’s the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

“The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her ; for her the willow bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see
E’en in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden’s form
By silent sympathy.

“The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

“And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell ;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.”

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy’s race was run !
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

III.

A slumber did my spirit seal;
 I had no human fears:
 She seem'd a thing that could not feel
 The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
 She neither hears nor sees;
 Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course
 With rocks, and stones, and trees!

—W. WORDSWORTH.

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM PITT THE YOUNGER.

(Written in November, 1806, shortly after Napoleon's triumph over the Prussians at Jena. Pitt had died in January of the same year.)

To mute and to material things
 New life revolving summer brings;
 The genial call dead Nature hears,
 And in her glory reappears.
 But oh! my country's wintry state
 What second spring shall renovate?
 What powerful call shall bid arise
 The buried warlike and the wise;
 The mind that thought for Britain's weal,
 The hand that grasp'd the victor steel?
 The vernal sun new life bestows
 Even on the meanest flower that blows;
 But vainly, vainly may he shine,
 Where glory weeps o'er Nelson's shrine;
 And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
 That shrouds, O Pitt, thy hallowed tomb!

Deep grav'd in every British heart,
 O never let those names depart!
 Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,
 Who victor died on Gadite wave;¹
 To him, as to the burning levin,²
 Short, bright, resistless course was given.

¹ Gades is the Latin name of Cadiz.

² Lightning.

Where'er his country's foes were found,
 Was heard the fated thunder's sound,
 Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
 Roll'd, blazed, destroy'd,—and was no more.

Nor mourn ye less his perish'd worth,
 Who bade the conqueror go forth,
 And launch'd that thunderbolt of war
 On Egypt, Hafnia,¹ Trafalgar ;
 Who, born to guide such high emprise,
 For Britain's weal was early wise ;
 Alas ! to whom the Almighty gave,
 For Britain's sins, an early grave !
 His worth, who, in his mightiest hour,
 A bauble held the pride of power,
 Spurn'd at the sordid lust of pelf,
 And served his Albion for herself ;
 Who, when the frantic crowd amain
 Strain'd at subjection's bursting rein,
 O'er their wild mood full conquest gain'd,
 The pride, he would not crush, restrain'd,
 Show'd their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
 And brought the freeman's arm to aid the freeman's laws.

Had'st thou but lived, though stripp'd of power,
 A watchman on the lonely tower,
 Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
 When fraud or danger were at hand ;
 By thee, as by the beacon-light,
 Our pilots had kept course aright ;
 As some proud column, though alone,
 Thy strength had propp'd the tottering throne ;
 Now is the stately column broke,
 The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,
 The trumpet's silver sound is still,
 The warder silent on the hill !

—SIR W. SCOTT (from *Marmion*).

¹ Copenhagen,

TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun
O'er which clouds are brightening
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight :

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.
Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :
Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :
Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view :
Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves.
Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.
Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal

Or triumphal chaunt

Match'd with thine, would be all

But an empty vaunt—

A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains

Of thy happy strain ?

What fields, or waves, or mountains ?

What shapes of sky or plain ?

What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance

Languor cannot be :

Shadow of annoyance

Never came near thee :

Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep

Thou of death must deem

Things more true and deep

Than we mortals dream,

Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,

And pine for what is not :

Our sincerest laughter

With some pain is fraught ;

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought

Yet if we could scorn

Hate, and pride, and fear ;

If we were things born

Not to shed a tear,

I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures

Of delightful sound,

Better than all treasures

That in books are found,

Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,

The world should listen then, as I am listening now !

—P. B. SHELLEY.

FROM THE STORY OF CREATION.

Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave, in sculls¹ that oft
Bank the mid sea : part single, or with mate,
Graze the sea-weed, their pasture, and through groves
Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance
Show to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold,
Or in their pearly shells at ease attend
Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch : on smooth the seal
And bended dolphins play ; part, huge of bulk,
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean : there Leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.
Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,
Their brood as numerous hatch from the egg, that soon
Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclosed
Their callow young ; but feather'd soon and fledge,
They summ'd² their pens, and, soaring the air sublime,
With clang³ despised the ground, under a cloud
In prospect : there the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build :

¹ Schools or shoals.

² Preened.

³ Shrill cry.

Part loosely wing the region, part, more wise,
 In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
 Their æëry caravan, high over seas
 Flying, and over lands, with mutual¹ wing
 Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane
 Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
 Floats as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes.
 From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
 Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings
 Till even; nor then the solemn nightingale
 Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays:
 Others on silver lakes and rivers bathed
 Their downy breast; the swan, with archèd neck
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
 Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
 The dank, and rising on stiff pennons tower
 The mid æërial sky. Others on ground
 Walk'd firm; the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
 The silent hours, and the other, whose gay train
 Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue
 Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus
 With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,
 Evening and morn solémnised the fifth day.

J. MILTON (from *Paradise Lost*, Bk. VII).

THE COLUBRIAD.

Close by the threshold of a door nailed fast
 Three kittens sat; each kitten looked aghast;
 I passing swift and inattentive by
 At the three kittens cast a careless eye,
 Not much concerned to know what they did there,
 Not deeming kittens worth a poet's care.
 But presently a loud and furious hiss

¹ They fly in wedge-shaped formation, and the leader is now and then relieved by another bird from behind.

Caused me to stop and to exclaim, "What's this?"
When lo! upon the threshold met my view,
With head erect, and eyes of fiery hue,
A viper, long as Count de Grasse's queue.¹
Forth from his head his forkèd tongue he throws,
Darting it full against a kitten's nose,
Who having never seen, in field or house,
The like, sat still and silent as a mouse;
Only projecting with attention due,
Her whiskered face, she asked him, "Who are you?"
On to the hall went I, with pace not slow,
But swift as lightning, for a long Dutch hoe,
With which well armed I hastened to the spot,
To find the viper,—but I found him not;
And turning up the leaves and shrubs around,
Found only, that he was not to be found.
But still the kittens, sitting as before,
Sat watching close the bottom of the door.
"I hope," said I, "the villain I would kill
Has slipped between the door and the door sill;
And if I make despatch and follow hard,
No doubt but I shall find him in the yard";
For long ere now it should have been rehearsed,²
'Twas in the garden that I found him first.
Even there I found him, there the full-grown cat
His head, with velvet paw, did gently pat,
As curious as the kittens erst had been
To learn what this phenomenon might mean.
Filled with heroic ardour at the sight,
And fearing every moment he would bite,
And rob our household of our only cat
That was of age to combat with a rat,
With outstretched hoe I slew him at the door,
And taught him NEVER TO COME THERE NO MORE.

—W. COWPER.

¹ Pig-tail.

² I ought to have said long before.

JOHN ANDERSON

John Anderson my jo, John,
 When we were first acquaint
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnet deep was black;
 But now your hairs are white,
 Your bonnet grey like the snow;
 But blessings on your hoary brow,
 John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 We shant be long together
 And many a weary day, John,
 We've had as we were children;
 Now we must part, John, John,
 But hand to hand we'll go,
 And walk together all the day,
 John Anderson my jo.

—R. BURNS

as a brook flows — thus a hand / thus a hand — comes in company.

THE SUNFLOWER

Oh, South-west wind, come to me,
 When I am in the arms of the sun;
 Seeking when that sweet golden time
 When the meadow's perfume is done.
 When the Yew's green leaves are with the dew,
 And the pale night is covered in snow,
 Come from those quiet, and sighing
 Whispers, South-west wind, to go!

—W. S. ORR

HONEST POVERTY.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that ;
The coward-slave we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that.
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.
What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, and a' that ;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that ;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.
A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith he maunna fa' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.
Then let us pray, that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

—R. BURNS.

hoddin = rough homespun : " he maunna' fa' that " = he cannot make that
come about : gree = degree.

INVOCATION.

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of Delight !
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night ?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure ;—
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure ;—
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight !
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest
And the starry night ;
Autumn evening and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow and all the forms
Of the radiant frost ;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good ;
Between thee and me
What diff'rence ? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,
 And like light can flee,
 But above all other things,
 Spirit, I love thee—
 Thou art love and life ! O come !
 Make once more my heart thy home !

—P. B. SHELLEY.

ALL IS VANITY.

(The following stanzas are from FitzGerald's translation of *The Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyám, a Persian poet. The poet's mood is that of The Preacher Ecclesiastes—"Rejoice O young man in thy youth," and his sadness is no less beautifully expressed.)

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
 Turns Ashes—or it prospers ; and anon,
 Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
 Lighting a little Hour or two—is gone.

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
 Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,
 How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
 Abode his Hour or two, and went his way.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
 The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep ;
 And Bahrá'm, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
 Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
 The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled ;
 That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
 Dropt in its Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this delightful Herb whose tender Green
 Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean—

Ah, lean upon it lightly ! for who knows
 From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen !

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
 To-day of past Regrets and future Fears—
To-morrow?—Why, To-morrow I may be
 Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.

Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and best
 That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest,
 Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
 And one by one crept silently to Rest.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
 They left, and Summer dresses in new Bloom,
 Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
 Descend, ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
 Before we too into the Dust descend;
 Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
 Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!
 —E. FITZGERALD.

KUBLA KHAN.

(Coleridge was addicted to the opium-habit, and more than once dreamed a poem, or the substance of it. In this instance he had been reading a passage from Purchas's Pilgrimage, when he fell asleep for three or four hours and dreamed a poem two or three hundred lines long, of which he only remembered the following strangely beautiful, if incoherent, fragment.)

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree:
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea.
 So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round:
 And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills

Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.
But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedar cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced :
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !
The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,

To such a deep delight 'twould win me
 That with music loud and long
 I would build that dome in air,
 That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
 And all who heard should see them there,
 And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
 Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

—S. T. COLERIDGE.

DIRGE FOR TWO VETERANS.

(Whitman's theory of poetry was that the sense should suggest the form of the verse. In most of his poems he therefore abandoned rime and set rhythm. In the present example he writes without rime, but in a more or less regular and very expressive rhythm. The effect is rather like that of Hebrew poetry.)

The last sunbeam
 Lightly falls from the finish'd Sabbath,
 On the pavement here, and there beyond it is looking
 Down a new-made double grave.

Lo, the moon ascending,
 Up from the east the silvery round moon,
 Beautiful over the house-tops, ghastly, phantom moon,
 Immense and silent moon.

I see a sad procession,
 And I hear the sound of coming full-key'd bugles,
 All the channels of the city streets they're flooding,
 As with voices and with tears.

I hear the great drums pounding,
And the small drums steady whirring,
And every blow of the great convulsive drums
Strikes me through and through.

For the son is brought with the father,
(In the foremost ranks of the fierce assault they fell,
Two veterans son and father dropt together,
And the double grave awaits them.)

Now nearer blow the bugles,
And the drums strike more convulsive,
And the daylight o'er the pavement quite has faded,
And the strong dead-march enwraps me.

In the eastern sky up-buoying,
The sorrowful vast phantom moves illumin'd,
(Tis some mother's large transparent face,
In heaven brighter growing.)

O strong dead-march you please me !
O moon immense with your silvery face you soothe me !
O my soldiers twain ! O my veterans passing to burial !
What I have I also give you.

The moon gives you light,
And the bugles and the drums give you music,
And my heart, O my soldiers, my veterans,
My heart gives you love.

—W. WHITMAN.

VERSES FROM THE SHEPHERDS' HYMN.

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
 Young dawn of our eternal day ;
 We saw Thine eyes break from the East,
 And chase the trembling shades away ;
 We saw Thee, and we blest the sight,
 We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

Poor world, said I, what wilt thou do
 To entertain this starry stranger ?
 Is this the best thou canst bestow—
 A cold and not too cleanly manger ?
 Contend, the powers of heaven and earth,
 To fit a bed for this huge birth.

Proud world, said I, cease your contest,
 And let the mighty babe alone ;
 The phoenix builds the phoenix' nest,¹
 Love's architecture is His own.
 The babe, whose birth embraves² this morn,
 Made His own bed ere He was born.

I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow,
 Come hovering o'er the place's head,
 Off'ring their whitest sheets of snow,
 To furnish the fair infant's bed.
 Forbear, said I, be not too bold ;
 Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.

I saw th' obsequious seraphim
 Their rosy fleece of fire bestow,
 For well they now can spare their wings
 Since Heaven itself lies here below.
 Well done, said I ; but are you sure
 Your down, so warm, will pass for pure ?

¹ Of fire.² Brightens.

No, no, your King's not yet to seek
Where to repose His royal head ;
See, see how soon His new-bloom'd cheek
'Twixt mother's breasts is gone to bed !
Sweet choice, said we ; no way but so,
Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow !

She sings Thy tears asleep, and dips
Her kisses in Thy weeping eye ;
She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips ;
That in their buds yet blushing lie.
She 'gainst those mother diamonds tries
The points of her young eagle's eyes.

Welcome—tho' not to those gay flies,
Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings,
Slippery souls in smiling eyes—
But to poor shepherds, homespun things,
Whose wealth's their flocks, whose wit's to be
Well read in their simplicity.

Yet, when young April's husband show'rs
Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,
We'll bring the first-born of her flowers,
To kiss Thy feet and crown Thy head.
To Thee, dread Lamb ! whose love must keep
The shepherds while they feed their sheep.

To Thee, meek Majesty, soft King,
Of simple graces and sweet loves !
Each of us his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of silver doves !
At last, in fire of Thy fair eyes,
Ourselves become our own best sacrifice !

—R. CRASHAW.

THE POET AND HIS SONGS.

As the birds come in the spring

We know not from where ;

As the stars come at evening

From the depths of the air ;

As the rain comes from the cloud

And the brook from the ground ;

As suddenly, low or loud,

Out of silence a sound.

As the grape comes to the vine,

The fruit to the tree ;

As the wind comes to the pine,

And the tide to the sea ;

As come the white sails of ships

O'er the ocean's verge ;

As comes the smile to the lips ;

The foam to the surge ;

So come to the Poet his songs,

All hitherward blown

From the misty land, that belongs

To the vast Unknown.

His, and not his, are the lays

He sings ;—and their fame

Is his, and not his ;—and the praise

And the pride of a name.

For voices pursue him by day,

And haunt him by night,

And he listens, and needs must obey,

When the angel says : " Write ! "

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)	16
Ah, Sunflower, weary of time	158
Am I a king, that I should call my own	78
And did those feet in ancient time	108
As the birds come in the spring	168
Avenge, O Lord! Thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones	122
Be it the summer-noon : a sandy space	93
Behold her, single in the field	20
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way	65
Birds all the sunny day	17
Blow, blow, thou winter wind	64
But as they left the dark'ning heath	56
Close by the threshold of a door nailed fast	156
Come, dear children, let us away	71
Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height	95
Come hither, lads, and hearken, for a tale there is to tell	101
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure	136
Cromwell, our chief of men, who, through a cloud	115
Earth has not anything to show more fair	144
Fair Daffodils, we weep to see	109
Fear no more the heat o' the sun	64
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay	155
Four by the clock! and yet not day	109
Good people all, of every sort	18
Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!	28
Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born!	127
Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!	152
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee	91
He is gone on the mountain	83

	PAGE
He scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend	125
Here lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue	23
Him the Almighty Power	110
How sleep the Brave who sink to rest	65
I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers	104
I heard a thousand blended notes	96
I see before me the Gladiator lie	67
I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he	25
I wander'd lonely as a cloud	55
In the bleak mid-winter	46
In the noon sun shone King Sigmund as an image all of gold	116
In Xanadu did Kubla Khan	162
Is there, for honest poverty	159
It is an ancient Mariner	33
It little profits that an idle king	86
John Anderson my jo, John	158
John Gilpin was a citizen	5
Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King	15
Lord, Thou hast given me a cell	68
Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a' !	61
My heart leaps up when I behold	107
My mother bore me in the Southern wild	21
Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-west died away	71
Now the hungry lion roars	2
Now the noon was long passed over when again the rumour arose	97
O blithe new-comer ! I have heard	19
O Captain ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done	54
O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms	76
Oh, to be in England	70
Orpheus with his lute made trees	45
Othere, the old sea-captain	29
Over the sea our galleys went	111
Rarely, rarely, comest thou	160
Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled	48
Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness !	124
See how the flowers, as at parade	107
She dwelt among the untrodden ways	148
Shepherds all, and maidens fair	77

	PAGE
Should auld acquaintance be forgot	94
So rest, for ever rest, O Princely Pair !	123
So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high	103
So strode he to the Branstock, nor greeted any lord	51
Southward through Eden went a river large	142
The chough and crow to roost are gone	27
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day	131
The forward youth that would appear	144
The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !	139
The king sits in Dunfermline town	60
The last sunbeam	164
The mountain sheep are sweeter	57
The rain had fallen, the Poet arose	59
The splendour falls on castle walls	53
The sun descending in the West	47
The sun does arise	32
The western waves of ebbing day	80
The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon	161
The world's great age begins anew	121
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart	147
Through the black, rushing smoke-bursts	129
Tiger, Tiger, burning bright	22
To fair Fidele's grassy tomb	86
To mute and to material things	150
Toll for the brave !	14
'Twas on a lofty vase's side	135
'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down	100
Under a spreading chestnut-tree	3
We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest	166
We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move	113
What was he doing, the great god Pan	84
What, you are stepping westward ?—Yea	90
When I consider how my light is spent	129
When Love with unconfined wings	63
Where the remote Bermudas ride	88
Whether on Ida's shady brow	114
Who are you dusky woman, so ancient hardly human	70
Who has not walked upon the shore	115
Withal again the day went by	49

H
H
H
H

I
I
I
I
I
I
I
I
I
I
I

J
J

I

I

.

.

